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VOLUME VII.
OF
Shakespeare's Works.

Containing

RICHARD THE THIRD.	}	CORIOLANUS.
HENRY THE EIGHTH.	}	

COPIED FROM THE TEXT OF DR. REED.

WITH NOTES BY JOHNSON, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

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KING RICHARD THE III.



EDITION, FORTY-FIVE PRINCIPLES

ALSO W. SCOTT 444.

Painted by Jas. Northcote

Engraved by T. Agnew & Sons

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakespeare,
IN TEN VOLUMES.

WITH
THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

REVISED BY
ISAAC REED, ESQ.

VOLUME VII.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble Fabrics of other Poets,
passes without Injury by the Adamant of Shakespeare. *Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

NEW YORK :
PUBLISHED BY HENRY DURELL,
Successor to William Durell & Co.

1818.

3726

RICHARD III.

RECEIVED

OBSERVATIONS.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.] This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprises, at most, but the last eight years of his time ; for it opens with George Duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477 ; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485.

THEOBALD

It appears that several dramas on the present subject had been written before Shakespeare attempted it. This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence*. Before this, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered, *A tragical Report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad*. It may be necessary to remark that the words, *song*, *ballad*, *enterlude* and *play*, were often synonymously used.

STEEVENS.

This play was written, I imagine, in the same year in which it was first printed,—1597. *The Legend of King Richard III.* by Francis Seagers, was printed in the first edition of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1559, and in that of 1575, and 1587, but Shakespeare does not appear to be indebted to it. In a subsequent edition of that book printed in 1610, the old legend was omitted, and a new one inserted, by Richard Niccols, who has very freely copied the play before us. In 1597, when this tragedy was published, Niccols, as Mr. Warton has observed, was but thirteen years old.—*Hist. of Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 267.

The real length of time in this piece is fourteen years ; (not eight years, as Mr. Theobald supposed :) for the se-

cond scene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who, according to the received account, was murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8.

It has been since observed to me by Mr. Elderton, (who is of opinion that Richard was charged with this murder by the Lancastrian historians without any foundation,) that "it appears on the face of the public accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of King Henry and his numerous attendants in the Tower, that he lived to the 12th of June, which was twenty-two days after the time assigned for his pretended assassination; was exposed to the public view in St. Paul's for some days, and interred at Chertsey with much solemnity, and at no inconsiderable expence."

MALONE.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King EDWARD the Fourth.

EDWARD, prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V. } sons to the king.

RICHARD, duke of York,

GEORGE, duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III. } brothers to the king.

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, earl of Richmond, afterwards K. Henry VII.

Cardinal BOURCHIER, archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERAM, archbishop of York. JOHN MORTON, bishop of Ely.

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Duke of NORFOLK : Earl of SURREY, his son.

Earl RIVERS, brother to king Edward's queen.

Marquis of DORSET, and Lord GREY, her sons.

Earl of OXFORD. Lord HASTINGS. Lord STANLEY. Lord LOVEL.

Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN. Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.

Sir WILLIAM CATESBY. Sir JAMES TYRREL.

Sir JAMES BLOUNT. Sir WALTER HERBERT.

Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen of king Edward IV.

MARGARET, widow of king Henry VI.

Duchess of YORK, mother to king Edward IV. Clarence, and Gloster.

Lady ANNE, widow of Edward prince of Wales, son to king Henry VI. ; afterwards married to the duke of Gloster.

A young daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants ; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street. Enter GLOSTER.*

Gloster.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;¹
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.²
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,³
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,⁴
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,

[1] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a *sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. STEEVENS.

[2] A *measure* was strictly speaking, a court dance of a stately turn, though the word is sometimes employed to express dances in general. STEEVENS.

[3] *Barbed steeds*—i. e. steeds caparisoned in a warlike manner. I. Haywarde, in his life and Raigne of Henry IV. 1593, says, "The duke of Hereford came to the barriers, mounted upon a white courser, *barbed* with blew and green velvet," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. WARBURTON.

That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time ;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity ;
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.⁵
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,⁶
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other :
And, if king Edward be as true and just,⁷
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up ;
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day : What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace ?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers :—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for, I protest,
As yet I do not : But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams ;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;
And, for my name of George begins with G,

[5] Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

[6] Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.

[7] That is, if Edward keeps his word. JOHNSON.

It follows in his thought, that I am he :
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,⁸
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women :—
'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower ;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.⁹
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower ;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery :
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,¹
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree so ever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so ? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say :
We speak no treason, man ;—We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous ; and his noble queen
Well struck in years ; fair, and not jealous :—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore ? I tell thee, fellow,

[8] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.

[9] To *temper* is to mould to fashion. MALONE.

[1] That is, the Queen and Shore. JOHNSON.

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects,² and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister,³—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,⁴

[2] That is, not the Queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*.
JOHNSON.

[3] This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, *were it to call king Edward's wife, sister*. I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expense of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually, *widow* into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence in an oblique proposal to kill the King. JOHNSON.

[4] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. JOHNSON.

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad ?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home ;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person ;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. [*Exit HAS.*
He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter :
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father ?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father :
The which will I ; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives, and reigns ;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another street. Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds to guard it ; and Lady ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously⁶ lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !⁶
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !

[5] *Obsequious*, in this instance, means *funereal*. STEEVENS.

[6] A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers. STEEVENS.

Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds !
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :—
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !⁷
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !—
 Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I command :
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The bearers set down the coffin.]

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell, [us not ;
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries :⁸—

Oh, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh !⁹—

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick ;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man ;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,¹
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

[8] *Pattern* is instance or example. JOHNSON.

[9] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. JOHNSON.

[1] I believe, *diffused*, in this place, signifies irregular, uncouth : such is its meaning in other passages of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.—*Diffus'd infection of a man* may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd ;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Why then, they are not dead :
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou liest ; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.²

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye.³

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? then, God grant me too,
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method ;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;

[2] The crimes of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of Lady Anne's husband upon Edward. JOH.—[3] Read to perfect the measure : I grant ye, *yea*.—RITSON.—One of the quartos, instead of *ye*, reads—*yea*. STEEVENS.

Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide;
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck.
You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he ?

Glo. Here : [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me ?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead !

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once ;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,——
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him :
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death ;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp pointed sword ;
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[He lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.]
Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;—
[She again offers at his breast.]
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in

My tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then man

Was never true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know

Hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men,

I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-Place :⁵
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve ;
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.⁶

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSSEL, and BERKLEY.*]

[5] *Crosby-Place* is now *Crosby-square* in Bishopsgate Street ; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting-place for a presbyterian congregation.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

[6] Cibber, who altered *King Richard III.* for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say :

When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history.

From an account of our late unsuccessful embassy to the emperor of China, we learn, indeed, that a scene of equal absurdity was represented in a theatre at Tien-sing : "One of the dramas particularly, attracted the attention of those who recollected scenes, somewhat similar, upon the English stage. The piece represented an Emperor of China and his Empress living in supreme felicity, when, on a sudden, his subjects revolt. A civil war ensues, battles are fought, and at last the arch-rebel, who was a general of cavalry, overcomes his sovereign, kills him with his own hand, and routs the imperial army. The captive Empress then appears upon the stage in all the agonies of despair, naturally resulting from the loss of her husband and of her dignity, as well as the apprehension for that of her honour. Whilst she is tearing her hair, and rending the skies with her complaints, the conqueror enters, approaches her with respect, addresses her in a gentle tone, soothes her sorrows with his compassion, talks of love and adoration, and like Richard the Third with Lady Anne, in *Shakespeare*, prevails in less than half an hour, on the Chinese Princess to dry up her tears, to forget her deceased consort, and yield to a consoling wooer." STEEVENS.

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

Gen. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glo. No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.

[Exeunt the rest with the corse.]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !

Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,⁷

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford :

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed ?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?

On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus ?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,⁸

I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave ;

And then return lamenting to my love.—

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[Exit.]

[7] That is, when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. WARBURTON.

[8] A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French sous, and appears to have been the usual request of a beggar. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The same. A room in the palace. Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS and Lord GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt, his Will soon recover his accusom'd health. [majesty]

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young ; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet :
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—Amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley ?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health ! Did you confer with him ?

Buck. Ay, madam : he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain ;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well !—But that will never be ;
——I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace ?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee ? when done thee wrong ?—
Or thee ?—or thee ?—or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all ! His royal grace—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish !—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.²

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter :
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else ;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell ; The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,³
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster ;

You envy my advancement, and my friends ;
God grant, we may never have need of you !

[2] *Lewd, rude, ignorant* ; from the Anglo-Saxon *Læwede*, a *Luick*. STEEVENS.
[3] This proverbial expression at once demonstrates the origin of the term *Jack* so often used by Shakspeare. It means one of the very lowest class of people, among whom this name is of the most common and familiar kind. DOUCE.

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
'That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord ; for——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers ?—why, who knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not ?—She may, ay,—marry, may she,— !

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too :
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
'Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at :
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What ? threat you me with telling of the king ?
Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said
I will avouch, in presence of the king :
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower,
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.*

[4] My labours; my toils. JOHNSON.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well :⁵
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—
And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up :
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king ;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be ?—I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof !

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king ;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me :

[5.] This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragic revolutions. WAR-BURTON.

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ?⁶
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects ;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance :
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes ;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.⁷

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !——
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,⁸
As ours by murder, to make him a king !

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

[6] The merits of this scene are insufficient to excuse its improbability. Margaret, bullying the court of England in the royal palace, is a circumstance as absurd as the courtship of Gloster in a public street. STEEVENS.

[7] To *plague*, in ancient language, is to *punish*. Hence the scriptural term—"the plagues of Egypt" STEEVENS.

[8] Alluding to his luxurious life. JOHNSON.

For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
 Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss ;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
 Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !—
 Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers ; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou shalt
 hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
 Thou elvish-mark'd,⁹ abortive, rooting hog !
 Thou that was seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
 Thou rag of honour ! thou detested——

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glo. Ha ?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then ; for, I did think,

[9] The common people in Scotland have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief STEEV.
 She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. JOHNSON.

That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me ; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune !
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,³
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?
Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse ;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd mine.

Ri. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects :
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert :
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them ;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more : But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas ! alas !—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;⁴
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest :⁵—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it ;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

[3] A *bottled spider* is a large, bloated, glossy spider ; supposed to contain venom proportionate to its size. The expression occurs again in Act IV :

"That *bottled spider*, that foul bunch-back'd toad." RITSON.

[4] Her distress cannot prevent her quibbling. It may be here remarked, that the introduction of Margaret in this place, is against all historical evidence. She was ransomed and sent to France soon after Tewksbury fight, and there passed the remainder of her wretched life. RITSON.

[5] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest. STEEVENS.

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him ;⁶
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from ? [counsel ?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's ! [Exit.

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine ; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother ;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid ;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains ;⁷—

[6] Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. BLACKST.

[7] A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sty*. 'Tis possible he uses this meta-

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.⁸

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd ;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come :—lords, will you go with me ?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls ;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham ;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it ; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey :
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates ?
Are you now going to despatch this thing ?

1 Mur. We are, my lord ; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me :

[*Gives the warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

phor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*.
Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III:

"The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,

Rule all England under a *kog*."

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of Act IV. POPE.

[8] *Scath* is harm, mischief. STEEVENS.

1 *Mur.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop
tears :

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;
Go, go, despatch.

1 *Mur.* We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. A room in the Tower. Enter CLARENCE and
BRAKENBURY.*

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,⁹
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell
me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster :
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,¹
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes

[9] Not an infidel. JOHNSON.

[1] *Unvalued* is here used for *invaluable*. MALONE.

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
'That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,²
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: 'Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood!³ and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,*⁴
—That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—

[2] By seeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now say, ogle it. JOHNSON.

[3] Lee has transplanted this image into his *Mithridates*, Act IV. sc. i.

"I slept; but oh, a dream so full of terror,

The pale, the trembling midnight ravisher

Ne'er saw, when cold Lucretia's mourning shadow

His curtains drew, and lash'd him in his eyes

With her bright tresses, dabbled in her blood."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Fleeting is the same as changing sides.* JOHNSON.

For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites me !—

O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,

Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !

—I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord ; God give your grace good rest !—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,

Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil ;

And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares :⁵

So that, between their titles, and low name,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two murderers.

1 *Mur.* Ho ! who's here ?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow ? and how cam'st thou hither ?

1 *Mur.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief ?

2 *Mur.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious :—
Let him see our commission ; talk no more.

[*A paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands :—

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

Here are the keys ;—there sits the duke asleep :

I'll to the king ; and signify to him,

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Mur.* You may, sir ; 'tis a point of wisdom : Fare you well.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

2 *Mur.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1 *Mur.* No, he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Mur.* When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Mur.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

[5] They often suffer real miseries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratification. JOHN.

2 *Mur.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Mur.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Mur.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Mur.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Mur.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Mur.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Mur.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Mur.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Mur.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Mur.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Mur.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Mur.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Mur.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Mur.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Mur.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Mur.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Mur.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Mur.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Mur.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Mur.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Mur.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Mur.* Take him over the costard⁷ with the hilts of

[7] The *costard*—that is, the head; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a nan's head. STEEVENS.

thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Mur.* O excellent device ! and make a sop of him.

1 *Mur.* Soft ! he wakes.

2 *Mur.* Strike.

1 *Mur.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper ? give me a cup of wine

1 *Mur.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou ?

1 *Mur.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Mur.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Mur.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak !

Your eyes do menace me : Why look you pale ?

Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?

Both Mur. To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me ?

Both Mur. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

1 *Mur.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Mur.* Never, my lord ; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,⁸
To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?

What lawful quest⁹ have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me ;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Mur.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Mur.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king. —

Clar. Erroneous vassal ! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder ; Wilt thou then

[8] I think it may be better read : Are ye cull'd forth.

JOHNSON.

[9] Quest is inquest or jury.

JOHNSON.

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?
 Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
 To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Mur.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
 For false forswearing, and for murder too :
 Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
 In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Mur.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
 Didst break that vow ; and, with thy treacherous blade,
 Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Mur.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Mur.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
 When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?
 For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :
 He sends you not to murder me for this ;
 For in that sin he is as deep as I.
 If God will be avenged for the deed,
 O, know you, that he doth it publicly ;
 Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;
 He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
 To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Mur.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
 When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,¹
 That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?²

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Mur.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
 Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;
 I am his brother, and I love him well.
 If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
 And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;
 Who shall reward you better for my life,
 Than Edward will for tidings of my death. [you.³

2 *Mur.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates

Clar. O no ; he loves me, and he holds me dear :
 Go you to him from me.

Both Mur. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
 Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

[1] Blooming Plantagenet ; a prince in the *spring* of life. JOHNSON.

[2] *Novice*—youth ; one yet *new* to the world. JOHNSON.

[3] Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time, in supposing that Clarence was imprisoned by Edward, and put to death by order of his brother Richard, without trial or condemnation. But the truth is, that he was tried and found guilty by his Peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. MAL.

And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
 He little thought of this divided friendship ;
 Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Mur.* Ay, mill-stones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Mur.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself ;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be ; for he bewept my fortune,
 And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
 That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Mur.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
 From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Mur.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
 To counsel me to make my peace with God,
 And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
 That thou wilt war with God by murdering me ?—
 Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
 To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Mur.* What shall we do ?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Mur.* Relent ! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
 Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
 If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
 Would not entreat for life ?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
 O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
 As you would beg, were you in my distress.
 A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

2 *Mur.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Mur.* Take that, and that ; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.]

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.]

2 *Mur.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd !
 How fain like Pilate, would I wash my hands
 Of this most grievous guilty murder done.

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Mur.* How now ? what mean'st thou, that thou
 help'st me not ?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Mur.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother !
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Mur.* So do not I ; go, coward as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial :
And when I have my meed, I will away ;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.*

K. Edward.

WHY, so ;—now have I done a good day's work ;—

You peers, continue this united league :

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand ;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate ;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king ;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
—Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings ;—I will never more remem-
ber

Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dors. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

[*Embraces* DORSET.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*To the Queen.*] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love !
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me ! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you, or yours.

[*Embracing* RIVERS, &c.]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen ;
—And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day :—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity ;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me ;—

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night ;
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter :
—I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.
—My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead ! who knows he is ?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dors. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried ;—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;³
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?⁴
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him ? who, in my wrath,

[3] He means the remission of the forfeit. JOHNSON.

[4] This lamentation is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd ?
 Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king ?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments ; and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night ?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :—
 But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life ;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O God ! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
 —Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
 Poor Clarence !

*[Exe. King, Queen, HASTINGS,
 RIVERS, DORSET, and GREY.]*

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness !—Mark'd you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death ?
 O ! they did urge it still unto the king :
 God will revenge it. Come, lords ; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company ?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.⁴ *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. Enter the Duchess of YORK, with
 a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead ?

Duch. No, boy.

[4] Mr. Walpole, some years ago, suggested from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with his brother that moiety of the estate of the great Earl of Warwick, to

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft ? and beat your breast ;
And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son !

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

Duch. My pretty cousins,⁵ you mistake me both ;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death ;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this :
God will revenge it ; whom I will impōrtune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love you
well :

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can : for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice !
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH distractedly ; RIVERS and DORSET
following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

which Gloster became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the Duchess of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward Prince of Wales. MALONE.

[5] The Duchess is here addressing her grand-children, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grand-children, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence :—
 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
 Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
 Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
 If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
 To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
 As I had title in thy noble husband !
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And liv'd by looking on his images :⁶
 But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms,
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
 Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
 ('Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
 To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries ?

Son. Ah, aunt ! you wept not for our father's death ;
 How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
 Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
 I am not barren to bring forth laments :
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
 That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,⁷
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
 Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence !

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence !

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward ? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence ? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they ? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

[6] The children by whom he was represented. JOHNSON.

[7] That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural. JOHNSON.

Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs :
 Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
 She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;
 I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :
 These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I :
 I for an Edward weep, so do not they :—
 Alas ! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
 Pour all your tears ; I am your sorrow's nurse,
 And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dors. Comfort, dear mother ; God is much displeas'd,
 That you take with unthankfulness his doing ;
 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
 Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,
 Let him be crown'd : in him your comfort lives :
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RAT-
 CLIFF, and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
 To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
 But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
 I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy breast,
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen ; and make me die a good old man !—
 That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ; *[Aside.*
 I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
 That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love :
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.
 The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
 But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
 Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.⁸

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd ;
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us ;
And the compâct is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd :
Therefore, I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business ?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journies to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street. Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good-morrow, neighbour : Whither away so fast?

[8] Edward the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinshed, &c. THEOBALD.

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself :
Hear you the news abroad ?

1 *Cit.* Yes ; the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady, seldom comes the better :
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death :

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no ; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child !

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government ;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so ? no, no, good friends, God wot ;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel ; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father ;
Or, by his father, there were none at all :
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster ;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud :
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of bread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so :
 By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger : as, by proof, we see
 The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we are sent for to the justice's.

3 *Cit.* And so was I ; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace. Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford ;
 And at Northampton they do rest to-night :
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince ;
 I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say, my son of York
 Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin ? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
 My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
 More than my brother ; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :
 And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
 Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
 In him that did object the same to thee :
 He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,⁹
 So long a growing, and so leisurely,
 That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,¹
 I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
 To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
 That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ;
 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

[9] The weakest, most puny, least thriving. RITSON.

[1] *To be remember'd* is, in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNSON.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:² Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mes. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,

Are sent to Pomfret, with them

Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:³—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous
And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen;

[2] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. STEEV.—Corruption of *perilous*, dangerous;
the reading of the old quartos. The queen evidently means to chide him. RIT.

[3] Not producing awe, not revered. To *jut upon* is to encroach. JOHNS.

Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go, [To the Queen.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep ; and so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours !

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A street. The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, and others.*

Buckingham.

WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.⁴

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's sovereign :
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :

No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to the sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :

God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they
were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ;—and thank you
all.— [Exeunt Mayor, &c.

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way :

[4] London was anciently called *Camera regis* POPE.

Fye, what a slug is Hastings ! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prin. Welcome, my lord : What, will our mother come ?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary : The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fye ! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Car. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here : But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional :⁵
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,⁶
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place :
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it ;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Car. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prin. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.]

[5] *Ceremonious*, superstitious ; *traditional*, adherent to old customs. WARB.

[6] That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of these times, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNSON.

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prin. I do not like the Tower, of any place :—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prin. Is it upon record ? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it ?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prin. But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,⁷
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.*
[*Aside.*

Prin. What say you, uncle ?

Glo. I say, without charácters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,⁹
I moralize two meanings in one word. } *Aside.*

Prin. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord ?

Prin. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.¹
[*Aside.*

[7] *Retailed* means handed down from one to another.—Goods *retailed*, are those which pass from one purchaser to another. M. MASON.

[8] *Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem*—a proverbial line. STEEVENS.
—Bright, in his *Treatise on Melancholy*, 1586, says : " I have knowne children languishing of the splene obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravitie and wisdom, surpassing those tender yeares, and their judgement carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdom of the ancient, having after a sort attained that by disease, which other have by course of years : whereon I take it, the proverbe ariseth, that they be short of life who are of wit so pregnant." REED.

[9] See Note at the end of the play.

[1] Commonly, in ordinary course. JOHNSON.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prin. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord;² so must I call you now.

Prin. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died,³ that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prin. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.⁴

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prin. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
—Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.⁵

[2] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

[3] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. WARBURTON.

[4] i. e. I should still esteem it a trifling gift, were it heavier. WARB.

[5] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shows, it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a bear. The duke therefore in calling himself *ape*, calls his uncle *bear*. JOHNSON.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !
To mitigate the scorn he give his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along ?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother ; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

Prin. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost ;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prin. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prin. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal,
and attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To scorn and taunt you thus opprobriously ?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, gentle Cates-
by ; thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart :
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way ;—
What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will not he ?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this : go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,

[5] *Capable* ; here, as in many other places in these plays, means intelligent, quick of apprehension. MALONE.

How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination : —
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,⁶
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William : tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

Glo. Chop off his head, man ;—somewhat we will do :—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes ; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.⁷

Before Lord HASTINGS' house. Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord,—

[*Knocking.*]

Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks ?

Mes. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within*] What is't o'clock ?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

[6] That is, a *private consultation*, separate from the known and public council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says :

" Bid him not fear the *separated* councils."

JOHNSON.

[7] Every material circumstance in the following scene is taken from Holinshed's Chronicle, except that it is a *knight* with whom Hastings converses, instead of Buckingham.

STEEVENS.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?

Mes. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mes. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night, the boar had rased off his helm :
Besides, he says, there are two councils held ;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If presently, you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour, and myself, are at the one ;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance :^s
And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Where to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mes. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :
What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the garland ? dost thou mean the
crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

[3] That is, *wanting* some example or act of malevolence, by which they may be justified : or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, *wanting* any immediate ground or reason. JOHNSON.

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and, good morrow,
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,⁹
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

[9] i. e. the cross. So in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. c. vi:

"And nigh thereto a little chapell stode
Which being all with yvy overspred,
Deck'd all the rooffe, and shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove fair branched overhead."

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !

What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. '—Wot you what,
my lord ?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.*]

How now, sirrah ? how goes the world with thee ?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,

Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet :

'Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;

But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow : There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour.

[*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;²

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain ?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;

[1] This phrase signified merely "I will go along with you ;" and is an expression in use at this day. M. MASON.

[2] Attending him in private to hear his confession.

MALONE.

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.³

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the 'Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there;
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
—Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Pomfret. Before the castle. Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard,
conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buck-
ingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.⁴

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here em-
brace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

[3] Shriving work is confession. JOHNSON.

[4] Expiate is used for expiated; It seems to mean, fully completed and ended.

SCENE IV.

London. A room in the Tower. BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table : Officers of the council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation :

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stan. They are ; and wants but nomination.⁵

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?
Who is most inward with the noble duke ?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces : for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours ;
Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine :—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lord, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good-morrow :
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue,⁶ my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
—My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

[5] i. e. the only thing wanting, is appointment of a particular day for the ceremony. STEEVENS.

[6] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his head, ere give consent,

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;

For I myself am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector ? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morn-
ing ;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.

I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,

Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he ;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood ? he show'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom th' offenders : Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,

Look how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor :—
Off with his head :—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done ;
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England ! not a whit for me ;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this :
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm ;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,⁸
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hasting's wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,⁹
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. Oh, bloody Richard !—miserable England !
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head ;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

[8] So, in *The Legend of Lord Hastings*, M D. 1463. [Master Dolman.]

" My palfry, in the playnest paved streete,
Thryse bow'd his boanes, thryse kneled on the flower,
Thryse shonnd (as Balamsasse) the dreaded tower."

The housings of a horse, and sometimes the horse himself, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth*. STEEVENS.

[9] So, Horace: *Nescius auræ fallacis*. JOHNSON.

SCENE V.

*The same. The Tower walls. Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*¹

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—

And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion:² ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,

That breath'd upon the earth a christian;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—

I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—

[1] Thus Holinshed: "The protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the citie into the tower; and at their coming, himselfe with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backs, except that some sudden necessitie had constrained them." STEEVENS.

[2] That is, pretending. STEEVENS.

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster ?

May. What ! had he so ?

Glo. What ! think you we are Turks, or infidels ?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death ;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution ?

May. Now, fair befall you ! he deserv'd his death ;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end ;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented :
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons ;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.]

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,

Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
 Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
 Only for saying—he would make his son
 Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
 Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
 And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
 Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
 Without control, listed to make his prey.
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
 My princely father, then had wars in France ;
 And, by just computation of the time,
 Found, that the issue was not his begot ;
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
 Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord ; I'll play the orator,
 As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
 Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle ;
 Where you shall find me well accompanied,
 With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go ; and, towards three or four o'clock,
 Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
 Go thou [*To CAT.*] to friar Penker ;—bid them both
 Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
 And to give notice, that no manner of person
 Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Street. Enter a scrivener.*

Scri. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings ;
 Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
 That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
 And mark how well the sequel hangs together :—
 Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,

For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me ;
The precedent was full as long a doing :
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while !—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not ?
Bad is the world ; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.³ [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

*The same. Court of Boynard's Castle. Enter GLOSTER
and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now ? What say the citizens ?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Buck. I did ; with his contrâct with lady Lucy,
And his contrâct by deputy in France :

Th' insatiate greediness of his desires
And his enforcement of the city wives ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France ;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.

Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind :
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to and end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king !*

Glo. And did they so ?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence :
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

[3] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again ;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried, *God save king Richard !*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I ;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they ; would they
 not speak ?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand ; intend some fear ;⁴
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit :
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant :
 And be not easily won to our requests ;
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go ; and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,⁵
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor knocks.
[Exit GLOSTER.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
 I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby ! what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth intreat your grace, my noble lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day :
 He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation ;
 And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
 Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
 In deep designs, in matter of great moment,

[4] Perhaps, *pretend* ; though *intend* will stand in the sense of giving attention.

JOHNSON.

[5] Buckingham is to plead for the citizens ; and if (says Richard) you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue. STEEVENS.

No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit.]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,⁶
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;

Re-enter CATESBY.

—Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [Ex. CATE.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER in a gallery above, between two Bishops.

CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-
men!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;

[6] To fatten: to pamper. JOHNSON.

[7] This pious and courtly Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross. MALONE.

I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please your
grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :—
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf^a
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion,
Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land :
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain :
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded

[8] I believe we should read :

And almost *smoulder'd* in the swallowing gulf.
That is, almost *smother'd*, covered and lost. — JOHNSON.

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
(And much I need to help you,⁹ if need were ;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time ;
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :
For first he was contráct to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

[9] And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed
JOHNSON.

Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy :
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity :
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
 As well we know your tenderness of heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
 And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
 Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
 But we will plant some other in your throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
 And, in this resolution, here we leave you ;
 —Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[Exeunt BUCK. and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit ;
 If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?

Well, call them again ; I am not made of stone,
 But penetrable to your kind entreaties, *[Exit CATE.]*
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

—Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load :

But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. [*To the Bishops*] Come, let us to our holy work
again:

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Tower. Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquis of Dorset; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's young Daughter.*

Duchess.

Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them ;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king ! who's that ?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title !
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me ?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them ?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :
Then bring me to their sights ; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on thy peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so ;¹
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [Exit.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[To the Duchess of GLOSTER.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder !
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

Dor. Be of good cheer.—Mother, how fares your grace ?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels ;
'Thy mother's name is ominous to children :
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam :
—Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way :
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery !—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death ;

[1] That is, I may not so resign my office, which you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNSON.

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous !²

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !³

Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;

And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,

And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,

This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*

For making me, so young, so old a widow !

And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad)

More miserable by the life of thee,

Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Even in so short a space, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words,

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse :

Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest ;

For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.⁵

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

[2] The cockatrice is a serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg. STEEV.

[3] She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz. by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head. In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torment, a burning crown is likewise appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom.—STEEVENS.—John, the son of Vainode Stephen, having defeated the army of Hungarian peasants, called Croisadoes, in 1514, caused their general, "called George, to be stript naked, upon whose head the executioner set a crown of hot burning iron." This is the fact to which Goldsmith alludes ;

"*Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.*"

Though it was George, and not his brother Luke, who was so punished : but George's would not suit the poet's metre. The Earl of Athol, who was executed on account of the murder of James I. King of Scots, was previous to his death, "crowned with a hot iron." See Holinshed. RITSON.

[5] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams : this is therefore no fiction. JOHNSON.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for your's.

Dors. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !

[*To DORSET.*

—Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee !

[*To ANNE.*

—Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

[*To Q. ELIZ.*

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.⁶

Q. Eliz. Stay yet ; look back, with me, unto the Tower

—Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls !

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !

Rude ragged nurse ! old sullen play-fellow⁷

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.⁸ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room of state in the palace. Flourish of trumpets. RICHARD, as king, upon his throne, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice, And thy assistance, is king Richard seated :—

But shall we wear these glories for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and forever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,⁹ To try if thou be current gold, indeed :—

Young Edward lives ;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.

[6] *Teen* is sorrow. STEEVENS.

[7] To call the Tower *nurse* and *play-fellow* is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the Lieutenant. JOHNSON.

[8] Either the third Act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action. JOHNSON.

[9] To *play the touch* is to represent the touchstone.

STEEVENS.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince !—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :—
Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit BUCK.]

Cate. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip. [Asi.]

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys ;¹ none are for me,
[Descends from his throne.]

That look into me with considerate eyes ;—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy,——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?²

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man ; go, call him hither,
boy.—— [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham³
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley ? what's the news ?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

[1] *Unrespective* is inattentive to consequence, inconsiderate. STEEVENS.

[2] *Close exploit*—Is secret act. JOHNSON.

[3] *Witty*, in this place signifies judicious or cunning. A wit was not at this time employed to signify a man of fancy, but was used for wisdom or judgment. STEEV.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby : rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter :—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die :
About it ; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.⁴
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Please you ; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it ; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon :
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel ;
Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear : [*Whispers.*]
There is no more but so :—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

[4] The same reflection occurs in *Macbeth* :

" ——— I am in blood

Steep'd in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious," &c. STEEVENS.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son :—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise, For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ; The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables, Which you have promised I shall possess.⁵

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king !—perhaps——

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time, Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him ?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,——

K. Rich. Richmond !—When last I was at Exeter, The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, And call'd it—Rouge-mont : at which name, I started ; Because a bard of Ireland told me once, I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock ?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock ?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike ?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke⁶

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

[5] Thomas duke of Gloster, the fifth son of Edward the Third, married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey de Bohun Earl of Hereford. Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham was lineally descended from Thomas Duke of Gloster, his only daughter Anne having married Edmund Earl of Stafford, and Henry being the great grandson of Edmund and Anne. In this right he and his ancestors had possessed one half of the Hereford estate ; and he claimed and *actually obtained* from Richard III. after he usurped the throne, the restitution of the other half, which had been seized on by Edward ; and also the earldom of Hereford, and the office of Constable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom. Many of our historians, however, ascribe the breach between him and Richard to Richard's refusing to restore the moiety of the Hereford estate ; and Shakspeare has followed them.

MALONE.

[6] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock*.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. 'Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD and train.*]

Buck. And is it thus ? repays he my deep service
With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?

O, let me think on Hastings ; and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind ;
But, oh, the devil—there the villain stopt ;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

house. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close ;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,——

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly ?

Cate. Bad news, my lord : Morton is fled to Richmond ;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !
Go, muster men : My counsel is my shield ;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [Exe.

[7] In Sheriff Hutton Castle, Yorkshire ; where he remained till the coming of Henry VII. who immediately after the battle of Bosworth sent him to the Tower, and some few years after, most treacherously and barbarously put him to death ; being, from a total want of education and commerce with mankind, so ignorant, that he could not, according to Hall, discern a goose from a capon. With this unfortunate young nobleman ended the male line of the illustrious house of Plantagenet. RIT.

[8] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are dull attendants on delay.

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the palace. Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to;⁹
And will to France ; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret ! who comes here ?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes !
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !

Q. Mar. Hover about her ; say, that right for right¹
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done ?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*]
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood !

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here !
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we ?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,²

[9] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. JOHNSON.

[1] *Right for right* is justice answering to the claims of justice. JOHNSON.

[2] *Seniory*, for seniority. JOHNSON.

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
 If sorrow can admit society, *[Sitting down with them.]*
 Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :—
 I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
 I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him :
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;
 I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
 kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;
 That foul defacer of God's handy-work ;
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !³

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes ;
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
 Young York he is but boot,⁴ because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;
 And the beholders of this tragic play,
 Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
 And send them thither : But at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 'To have him suddenly convey'd from hence :—

[3] *Pew-fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. JOHNSON.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

Q. Eliz. Oh, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul-bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune ;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,⁵
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;⁶
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen ?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care :
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For one being feard of all, now fearing one ;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus bath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

[5] *Pageants* are dumb shows, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on public occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEV.

[6] Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. — STEEVENS.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. *[Exit Q. MARG.]*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attornies to their client woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor-breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum, within.]

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, and his train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown;
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son? *[Clarence?]*

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike, alarum drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[Flourish. Alarums.]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay ; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,⁷
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty ? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;
Tetchy⁸ and wayward was thy infancy ;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous ;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company ?⁹

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd
To breakfast once, forth of my company. [your grace
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse ;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st¹;
My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

[7] A spice or particle of your temper or disposition.

JOHNSON.

[8] Tetchy is touchy, peevish, fretful, ill-temper'd.

RITSON.

[9] To grace seems here to mean the same as to bless, to make happy. So, gracious
is kind, and graces are favours.

JOHNSON.

And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me ; I say Amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;
Throw over her the veil of infamy :
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and your's,
Than ever you or your's by me were harm'd !

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.²

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?³

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers,
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eli. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king ?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen : Who else

Q. Eliz. What, thou ? [should be ?

K. Rich. Even so : What think you of it, madam ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York ; then, haply, will she weep :
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—

[2] Type is exhibition, show, display. JOHNSON.

[3] To demise is to grant, from *demittere*, to devolve a right. STEEVENS.

A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam ; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way ;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her ?

Q. Eli. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but have thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.⁴

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended :
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.⁵
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,

[4] Waste, havoc. JOHNS. [5] *Bid* is in the past tense from *bids*. JOHNS.

And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl ;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say ? her father's brother
Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles ?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eli. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last ?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last ?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory :

If something thou would'st swear, to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity, the king thy brother made,

Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;

And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast ;

For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age :

The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent !

So thrive I in my dangerous attempt

Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !

Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours !
 Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
 In her consists my happiness, and thine ;
 Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :
 It cannot be avoided, but by this ;
 It will not be avoided, but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
 Be the attorney of my love to her.
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :
 Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her. Exit Q. ELIZ.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman !⁵
 How now ? what news ?

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :
 'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral ;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

[5] Such was the real character of this queen dowager, who would have married her daughter to king Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the Marquis of Dorset, her son, from the Earl of Richmond.

K. Ric. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:
—Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?⁶

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither : Post to Salisbury ;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,

[*To CATESBY.*]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cat. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby ;—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go ?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.

Enter STANLEY.

—Stanley, what news with you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. [*hearing ;*]

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?
Once more, what news ?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess ?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty ? is the sword unsway'd ?
Is the king dead ? the empire unpossess'd ?
What heir of York is there alive, but we ?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir ?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas ?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

[6] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

Stan. No, mighty liege ; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back ?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers ?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships ?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me : What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king :
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends ; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou would'st be gone to join with
I will not trust you, sir. [Richmond :

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful ;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley ; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms ;
And every hour more competitors⁷
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mes. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of death ?
[He strikes him

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mes. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scattered ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy :
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

[7] That is, more opponents.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

3 *Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest :
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.*

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news ; That the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ; while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost :—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*A room in Lord STANLEY'S house. Enter STANLEY, and
Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell-Richmond this from me :—
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold ;

[8] Henry Tudor Earl of Richmond, the eldest son of Edmund of Hadham Earl of Richmond, (who was half-brother to King Henry VI.) by Margaret, the only daughter of John the first duke of Somerset, who was grandson to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, was carried by his uncle Jasper Earl of Pembroke immediately after the battle of Tewksbury into Britany, where he was kept in a kind of honourable custody by the Duke of Bretagne, and where he remained till the year 1484, when he made his escape and fled for protection to the French court. Being considered at that time as nearest in blood to King Henry VI. all the Lancastrian party looked up to him even in the life-time of King Edward IV. who was extremely jealous of him ; and after Richard *usurped* the throne, they with more confidence supported Richmond's claim. The claim of Henry Duke of Buckingham was in some respects inferior to that of Richmond ; for he was descended by his mother from Edmund the second Duke of Somerset, the younger brother of Duke John ; by his father from Thomas Duke of Gloster, the younger brother of John of Gaunt : but whatever priority the Earl of Richmond might claim by his mother, he could not plead any title through his father, who in fact had no Lancastrian blood whatsoever ; nor was his maternal title of the purest kind, for John the first Earl of Somerset was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt. MALONE.

If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
 The fear of that withholds my present aid.
 But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ;
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
 And many other of great fame and worth :
 And towards London do they bend their course,
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; commend me to him ;
 Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 These letters will resolve him of my mind.
 Farewell. [*Gives papers to Sir CHRIS.* Exeunt.

ACT V.

'SCENE I.—*Salisbury. An open place. Enter the Sheriff,
 and guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.*

Buckingham.

WILL not king Richard let me speak with him ?

Sher. No, my good lord ; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
 Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
 By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice ;
 If that your moody discontented souls
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Even for revenge mock my destruction !—
 This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
 This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his children, or his wife's allies .
 This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall

[1] This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing Act, so the fourth Act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth Act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. JOHNSON.

By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
 That high All-seer which I dallied with,
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their master's bosoms :
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—*
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exe.* BUCK. &c.

SCENE II.

*Plain near Tamworth. Enter, with drum and colours,
 RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER
 HERBERT, and others, with forces, marching.*

Rich. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
 From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear ;
 Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Rich. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings,
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. . [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field. Enter King RICHARD, and forces; the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others.

K. Ric. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

—My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,——

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

[Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[Exeunt.]

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's tent.

Rich. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—

And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:

The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—

Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;

Where is lord Stanley quarter'd do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Rich. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and
CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:³ [*To CAT.*
—Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.⁴
Ratcliff,——

[3] A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age, but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*. JOHNSON.—I believe, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instruments by which we measure the hours.
-STEEVENS. [4] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland ?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine :
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch ; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[*King RICHARD retires into his tent. Exe. RATC. and CATE.*

RICHMOND's tent opens, and discovers him and his officers.
Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

Rich. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney,⁶ bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,⁷
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell : The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon ;
God give us leisure for these rites of love !
Once more, adieu :—Be valiant, and speed well !

[6] By deputation. JOHNSON

[7] I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture. JOHN

Rich. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
 Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,⁸
 When I should mount with wings of victory :
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt lords, &c. with STANLEY.*

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,⁹
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
 Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still ! [Sleeps.
The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, son to HENRY the Sixth, rises
between the two tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[*To K. RICH.*

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewksbury ; Despair therefore, and die !—
 Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth, rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
 By thee was punched full of deadly holes : [To K. RICH.
 Think on the Tower, and me ; Despair, and die ;
 Harry the sixth bidst thee despair and die.—
 Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror ! [To RICHM.
 Harry, that prophesied thou should'st be king,
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep ; Live, and flourish !

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
 I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine, [To K. RICH.
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword ; Despair, and die !—
 Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [To RICHM.
 The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;
 Good angels guard thy battle ! Live, and flourish !

[8] To *peize*, i. e. to weigh down, from *peser*, Fr. STEEVENS.

[9] The allusion is to the ancient mace. HENLEY.

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow, [To K. R. Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[To K. RICH.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!— [To K. RICH.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom [To RICHM.

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [To K. RICH.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [To RICHM.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep; [To RICHM.

Dream of success and happy victory;

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown;

[To K. RICH.

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness!

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid: [To RICHM.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd;

God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* K. RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my
wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:

Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?

Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?

I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;

And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent: and every one did threat

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

[1] There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

[2] These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words,—“Fool, do not flatter.” JOHNSON. Either the two and twenty immediate lines are not Shakespeare's, or are so unworthy of him, that it were to be wished they could with propriety be degraded to the margin. I wonder that Dr. Johnson, who thought the subsequent lines misplaced, did not perceive that their connection with the preceding part of the speech, ending at—*trembling flesh*, was interrupted solely by this apparent interpolation, which is in the highest degree childish and unnatural. RITSON.

K. Rich. Who's there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream !—
What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exe. King RICH. and RATC.*]

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On ! victory !
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.

[*He advances to the Troops.*]

—More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on : Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side ;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces ;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide ;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;

One that made means to come by what he hath,³
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him ;
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;⁴
 One that hath ever been God's enemy :
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers ;
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords :
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
 God, and saint George ! Richmond, and victory ! [*Exe.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
 Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : And what said Surrey then ?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'th' right ; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago :
 A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;

[3] To make means was, in Shakespeare's time, often used in an unfavourable sense, and signified—to come at any thing by indirect practices. STEEVENS.

[4] Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright coloured foil under a low-priced stone. The same allusion is common to many writers. STE.

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
 I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
 Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,
 More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven,
 That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ;—Caparison my horse ;—
 Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :—
 I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
 And thus my battle shall be ordered.
 My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
 Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
 Our archers shall be placed in the midst :
 John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
 They thus directed, we ourself will follow
 In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
 This, and Saint George to boot !—What think'st thou,
 Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—

This found I on my tent this morning. *[Giving a Scroll.]*

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,* *[Reads.]*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—
 Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;⁶
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—
 A sort of vagabonds,⁷ rascals, and run-aways,
 A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

[5] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint. JOHNSON.

[6] I suspect these six lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakespeare was really guilty of them in his first draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he substituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

[7] *A sort*, that is, a company, a collection. JOHNSON.

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
 You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ?
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Breagnes ; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?
 Ravish our daughters ?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !⁸—

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh ;
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
 Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*Another part of the field. Alarum : Excursions. Enter
 NORFOLK, and Forces ; to him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
 The king enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger ;
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

[8] That is, fright the skies with the shivers of your lances. JOHNSON.

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :⁹—
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND ; and exeunt, fighting. Retreat, and Flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all !—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living ?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us ;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red :—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !—

[9] Shakespeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration ; Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined, if possible, to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the Earl was ; attacked his standard-bearer, sir William Brandon, and killed him ; then assaulted sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew : having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him and probably would have been victorious. but that at that instant sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment. MALONE.

What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen ?
 England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
 The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
 The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire ;
 All this divided York and Lancaster,
 Divided, in their dire division.—
 O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
 The true succeders of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
 And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again ;
 That she may long live here, God say—Amen !

[*Exeunt.*]

I shall here subjoin two Notes, one by Mr. Theobald, and one by Dr. Warburton, upon the *Vice*.

KING RICHARD III. ACT III. SCENE I. Page 46.

Thus, like the formal *vice*, *Iniquity*,
 I moralize two meanings in one word.

By *Vice*, the author means not a quality, but a person. There was hardly an old play, till the period of the Reformation, which had not in it a Devil, and a droll character, a jester, (who was to play upon the devil,) and this buffoon went by the name of a *Vice*. This buffoon was at first accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like another Harlequin) he was to make sport in belabouring the devil. This was the constant entertainment in the times of popery, whilst spirits, and witchcraft, and exorcising held their own. When the Reformation took place, the stage shook off some grossities, and increased in refinements. The master-devil then was soon dismissed from the scene ; and this buffoon was changed into a subordinate fiend, whose business was to range on earth, and seduce poor mortals into that personated vicinus quality, which he occasionally supported ; as, iniquity in general, hypocrisy, usury, vanity, prodigality, gluttony, &c. Now, as the fiend (or *vice*.) who personated Iniquity, (or Hypocrisy, for instance) could never hope to play his game to the purpose but by bidding his cloven foot, and assuming a semblance quite different from his real character ; he must certainly put on a formal demeanour, *moralize* and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a meaning directly opposite to his genuine and primitive intention. If this does not explain the passage in question, it is all I can at present suggest upon it. THEOBALD.

That the buffoon, or jester of the old English farces, was called the *vice*, is certain ; and that, in their moral representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the *vice* used to assume the personage of those sins is a fancy of Mr. Theobald's. The truth is, the *vice* was always a fool or jester ; and, (as the woman in *The Merchant of Venice* calls the Clown, alluding to this character,) a merry devil. Whereas these moral sins were so many sad serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name *Iniquity*, given to this *vice* : But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries.

As this reading hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakspeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehension of this matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stowe, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the matter, were profane subjects, and, with regard to the form, a corruption of the ancient mimes and attellanes: by which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the 15th century.

As to these Mysteries, they were as their names speaks them a representation of some scripture-story, to the life: as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz composee par le curé de St. Euchaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprising absurdity of these strange representations: "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (says the honest Chronicler) fut fait le Jeu de la passion de N. S. en la plaue de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appelé Seigneur Nicole Dom Neufchastel lequel étoit Curé de St. Victor de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fut été secouru; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Personnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victor parait la Résurrection, et fit très hautement son personnage; & dura le dit Jeu----Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre Jean de Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut presque mort en pendant car le tuer il faillit, et fut bien bativement dépendu & porté en Voye. Et étoit la bouche d'Enfer très bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entrer et isser; & avoit deux gross Culs d' Acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of representations archbishop Harsnet, in his Declaration of Popish Impostures, p. 71, says "The little children were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, staring eyes, and foul bottle nose." Garew in his survey of Cornwall gives a fuller description of them in these words, "The tuary Miracle, in English a Miracle Play, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some scripture history. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre, in some open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some forty or fifty foot. The country people flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the ordinary, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in these Mysteries, to make the people myrth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better personage than the devil himself. Even in the Mystery of the Passion mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakspeare (who had frequent allusions to these things) in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for "a little vinegar (as a property) to make the devil roar." For after the sponge with gall and vinegar had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been holy-water, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that vinegar in the old farves, was always afterwards in use to torment their devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these Mysteries, as in that for instance of *Great cry and little wool as the devil said when he sheared his hogs*. For the sheep-shearing of Nabal being represented in the mystery of David and Abigail, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by shearing a hog. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of the ridiculous in the ancient mimes, as we learn from these words of St. Austin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, et optemus a libero aquam, a lymphis vinum*.

These Mysteries, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England, *sub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company established in the Hotel de Bourgogne to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the first, the stupidity and prophaneness of the mysteries made the courtiers and clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procurer-general, in the name of the king, presented a request against the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old Testament stories inclined the people to Judaism; that the New Testament stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor: it seems that this prosecution succeeded: for, in 1543, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the

Hotel de Bourgogne, but interdicted the representation of the Mysteries. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer ; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongst them. To return :

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from religious to moral farces. And in this we soon followed them : the public taste not suffering any great alteration at first, though the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they called *Moralities*. To this sad serious subject they added, though in a separate representation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottie*, in which there was *un Paysan* (the Clown) under the name of *Sot Commun* (or Fool.) But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralitic* and *Sottie* together : So that the *Payson* or *Sot Commun*, the Clown or Fool, got a place in our serious *Moralities* : Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our Shakespeare makes to them : as in these lines of *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. sc. 2 :

“ So Portent-like I would o'er-rule his state,
That he should be my *Fool*, and I his *Fate*.”

But the French, as we say, keeping these two sorts of farces distinct, they became, in time, the parents of tragedy and comedy ; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel species, unknown to nature and antiquity, called tragi-comedy. WARBURTON.

I have nothing to add to these observations, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustic puppet-plays, in which I have seen the Devil very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*. JOHNSON.

HENRY VIII.

OBSERVATIONS.

KING HENRY VIII.] We are unacquainted with any dramattick piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakespeare ; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry : " Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it ; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer observes, from Stowe, that Robert Greene had written somewhat on the same story.

STEEVENS.

This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakespeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1601. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

Dr. Farmer observes, from Stowe, that " Robert Greene had written something on this story ;" but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramattick poet, but by some other person. In the list of " authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign.

MALONE.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh ; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,¹
 Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is,² beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend,)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye : Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living ; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
 Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery !
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

[1] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. THEOBALD

[2] This is not the only passage in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihil omnibus habeturis simplex convedit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation shown in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNSON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Eighth.

Cardinal WOLSEY. Cardinal CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the emperor Charles V.

CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of NORFOLK. Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Duke of SUFFOLK. Earl of SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of LINCOLN. Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Lord SANDS.

Sir HENRY GUILDFORD. Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Sir ANTHONY DENNY. Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Doctor BUTTS, physician to the king.

Garter king at arms.

Surveyor to the duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Serjeant at Arms.

Door-keeper of the council-chamber. Porter, and his man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

Queen KATHARINE, wife to king Henry, afterwards divorced.

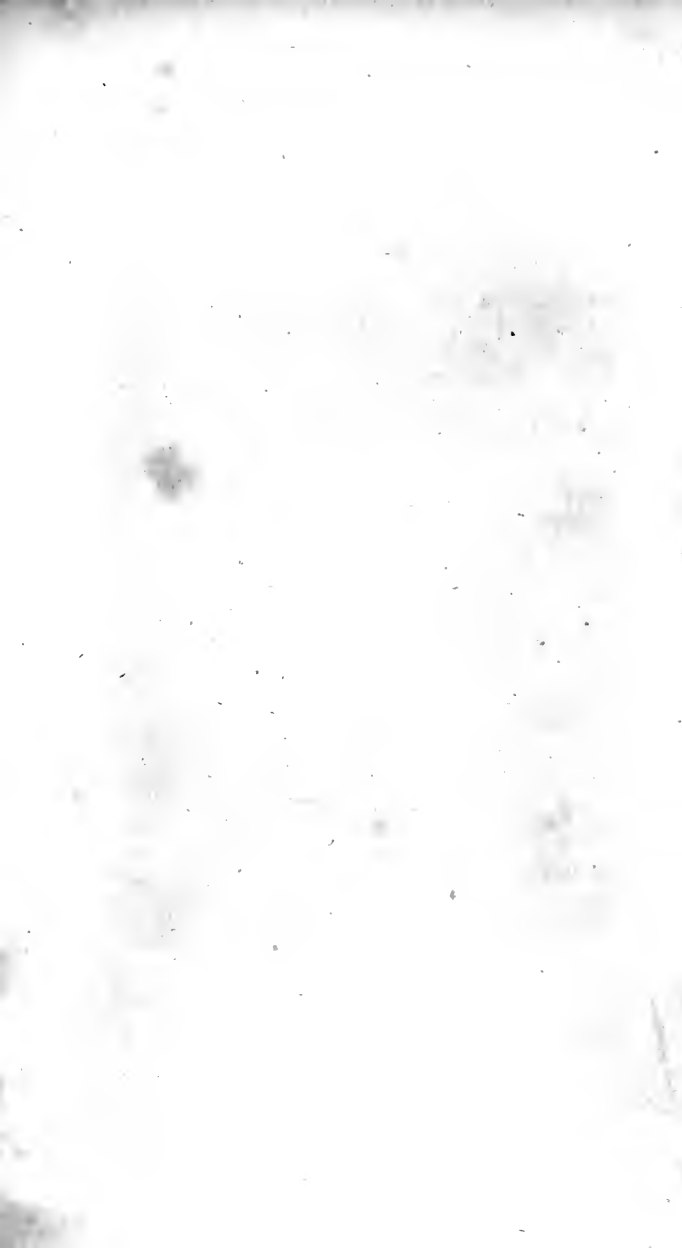
ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honour, afterwards queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, woman to queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; women attending upon the queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.



KING HENRY VIII.



KINGS AND QUEENS.

SEE PL. XXXIV. P.

Painted by R. Westall R.A.

Tanner, Vallance, Kearny & Co sc

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*
Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door ; at the other,
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.
Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France ?

Nor. I thank your grace :
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer ¹
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde ? ²
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its : ³ To-day, the French,
All clinquant, ⁴ all in gold, like heathen gods,

[1] An admirer untired ; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

[2] Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde to the French ; they are towns in Picardy, and the valley of Arden lay between them. *Arde* is *Ardre*, but Hall and Holinshed write it as Shakespeare does. REED.

[3] *Dis diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shows. JOHNSON.

[4] All *glittering*, all *shining*. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*. JOHNSON.

Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
 Made Britain, India : every man, that stood,
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting : now this mask
 Was cry'd incomparable ; and th' ensuing night
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them ; him in eye,
 Still him in praise ; and, being present both,
 'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerner
 Durst wag his tongue in censure.⁵ When these suns
 (For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got crédit,
 That Bevis was believ'd.⁶

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to.⁷ All was royal ;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;
 Order gave each thing view ; the office did
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element⁸
 In such a business.

Buck. I pray you who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
 Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed⁹

[5] *Censure*, for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. *WARB.*

[6] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis, (or Bevois,) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror Earl of Southampt-
 ton : of whom Camden speaks in his *Britannia*. *THEOBALD.*

[7] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose
 in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real
 action. *JOHNSON.*

[8] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things
 or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catagorisis*, to
 a person. *JOHNSON.*

[9] To have a finger in the pie, is a proverbial phrase. *REED.*

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,
That such a keech² can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :
For, being not propt by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown ; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : Whence has he that ?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' th' king, to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file³
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,⁴
Must fetch him in he papers.⁵

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,⁶
But minister communication of

[2] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould, is called yet in some places, a *keech*. JOHNSON.

[3] That is, *the list*. [4] Council not then sitting. JOHNSON.

[5] He *papers*, a verb ; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in, whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

[6] What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

A most poor issue ?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd ; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchant's goods at Bordeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd ?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace ;⁸ and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together : to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power : You know his nature,
'That he's revengeful ; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha ?
Where's his examination ?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

[7] The French ambassador residing in England, who, being refused an audience may be said to be *silenc'd*. JOHNSON.

[8] A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNSON.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exe. WOLSEY, and train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur⁹ is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworth's a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd ?
Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick :¹ He's gone to the king ;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honour² quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot .
That it do singe yourself : We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along

[9] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher.

JOHNSON.

[1] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.

JOHNSON.

[2] I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that
all distinction of persons is at an end.

JOHNSON.

By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
 (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions,)³ by intelligence,
 And proofs as clear as founts in Júly, when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as
 As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox, [strong
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,⁴
 As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
 As able to perform it: his mind and place
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
 Only to show his pomp as well in France
 As here at home, suggests the king our master⁵
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
 Did break i' th' rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
 The articles o' th' combination drew,
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
 As he cry'd, Thus let it be: to as much end,
 As give a crutch to th' dead: But our count-cardinal
 Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt
 England and France, might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd;—But when the way was made,
 And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,

[3] Honest indignation, warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name* not, should be *blame* not. JOHNSON. [4] *Equal* for *equally*. Shakespeare frequently uses adjectives adverbially. MALONE. [5] *Suggests*, for *excites*. WARBURTON.

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish, you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable ;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two
or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me ; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present :⁶ 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things !—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company :—The king
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know [To ABER.
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute ; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs of the plot : No more, I hope.

[6] I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of
liberty. JOHNSON.

Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:⁷
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exe.*]

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber. Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,⁸
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' th' level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy:⁹ and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his State. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the king's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King rises from his state, takes her up, kisses, and places her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

[7] To *span* is to gripe, or inclose in the hand; to *span* is also to measure by the palm and fingers. The meaning therefore, may either be, that hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies; or, that my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined. JOHNSON. Man's life, in scripture, is said to be but a *span* long. Probably, therefore, it means, when 'tis spann'd 'tis ended. REED.

[8] *Heart* is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common, and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNSON.

[9] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the hear'
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly, on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master, [capes not
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he es-
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing,¹ have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.²

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know bu' of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those who would not know them, and yet must

[1] The *many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:—"The kings before their *many* rode." JOHNSON.

[2] Could one easily believe that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARBURTON.

Perforce be their acquaintance.³ These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing ; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say,
They are devis'd by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction !

The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction ?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France : This makes bold mouths :
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice ; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ;⁴ which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd ; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,

[3] That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all.

M. MASON.

[4] To cope---to engage with, to encounter. The word is still in use in some countries.
JOHNSON.

Hitting a grosser quality,⁵ is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each !
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber ;⁶
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied
 The force of this commission : Pray, look to't ;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.]
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many :
 The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound ; his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.⁷
 Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd,⁸ the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly

[5] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

[6] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches*. WARBURTON.

[7] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNSON.—Read: And ne'er seek aid out of himself. Yet see.—RITSON.

[8] Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions.

'Than ever they were fair. This man, so cômplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.⁹
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on ;
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand

[⁹] Note this particular part of this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

What was the speech amongst the Londoners
 Concerning the French journey : I replied,
 Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
 To the king's danger. Presently the duke
 Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted,
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words
 Spoke by a holy monk ; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty ; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
 On the complaint o'th' tenants : take good heed,
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
 And spoil your nobler soul ! I say, take heed ;
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on :——
 Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
 The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dang'rous
 To ruminate on this so far, until [for him,
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do : He answer'd, *Tush !*
It can do me no damage : adding further,
 That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
 The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
 Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha ! what so rank ?¹ Ah, ha !
 There's mischief in this man.——Canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
 After your highness had reprov'd the duke
 About sir William Blomer,—

[1] *Rank weeds*, are weeds grown up to great height and strength. *What*, says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch ?* JOHNSON.

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time :—Being my servant sworn,²
The duke retain'd him his.—But on ; What hence ?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard : who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence ; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Q. Kath. God mend all !

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee ;
What say'st ?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial : if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us : By day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Room in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and
Lord SANDS.*

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries ?³

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English

[2] Sir William Blomer, (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*.) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sword servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards' MSS.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Mysteries* were allegorical shows, which the *munimers* of those times exhibited in odd fantastick habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries* ; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions into such an uncouth appearance that they looked like *munimers* in a mystery. JOHNSON.

Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
 A fit or two o' th' face ;⁴ but they are shrewd ones ;
 For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
 Their very noses had been counsellors
 To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones ; one
 would take it,
 That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
 A springhalt reign'd among them.⁵

Cham. Death ! my lord,
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
 That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now ?
 What news, sir Thomas Lovell ?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
 I hear of none, but the new proclamation
 That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there ; now I would pray our
 To think an English courtier may be wise, [monsieurs
 And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
 (For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants
 Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
 With all their honourable points of ignorance,
 Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks ;
 Abusing better men than they can be,
 Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
 The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
 Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
 And understand again like honest men ;
 Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
 Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,

[4] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNSON.

[5] The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads,) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. STEEVENS.

There will be woe indeed, lords ; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad, they're going ;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them ;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing ; and by'r-lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
 en of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else : which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
'This night, to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Presence Chamber in York-Place. Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the Guests. Enter at one door Lords, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests ; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Anil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

Salutes you all : This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,⁶ that has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy ;
Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them : By my life
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these !

Sands. I would, I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ?—sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this :
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :
[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN, and another Lady.*]
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

[6] Milton has copied this word ; "A bevy of fair dames." JOHNSON.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended; and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests : That noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all good health. [Drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble :—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry ; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing;—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets within ; Chambers discharg'd.]

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. *[Exit a Servant.]*

Wol. What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem : they have left their barge, and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue ;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

[7] A *chamber* is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder ; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows:—"cannons, demi-cannons, chambers, arquebuse, musquet." STEEVENS.

Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

[Exit Cham. attended. All arise, and tables removed.]

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all : and, once more,

I shower a welcome on you :—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-bearers ; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, *[them]*
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Ladies chosen for the Dance. The King chooses ANNE BULLEN.]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. *[Music. Dance.]*

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me :
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Chamberlain goes to the company and returns.]

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.— *[Comes from his state.]*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen ;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal : *[Unmasking.]*

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
 You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
 I should judge now unhappily.⁹

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
 Pr'ythee, come hither : What fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
 daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
 I were unmannerly, to take you out,
 And not to kiss you.¹—A health, gentlemen,
 Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
 I' th' privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
 I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
 In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
 I must not yet forsake you :—Let's be merry ; —
 Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
 To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
 Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A street. Enter two gentlemen, meeting.*

1 *Gent.* WHITHER away so fast ?

2 *Gen.* O, —God save you !

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
 Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gen.* I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony

[9] That is, unluckily, mischievously. JOHNSON.

[1] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. STEEVENSON. This custom is still prevalent, among the country people, in many, perhaps all parts of the kingdom. When the fiddler thinks his young couple have had music enough, he makes his instrument squeak out two notes which all understand to say—*kiss her!* RITSON.

2 Gen. Were you there ?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd ?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty ?

1 Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gen. I am sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it ?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar ; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face :
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor ;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Court,
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies ?

1 Gen. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,²
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think, he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure, he doth not,
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

[2] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed: "After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, sore-chafing, and sweat marvelously. STEEVENS."

2 Gen. Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 Gen. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; Halberds on each side: with him, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common People.

2 Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,⁹

[9] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetick.

JOHNSON.

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy
 Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace ;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
 You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To th' water side I must conduct your grace ;
 Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
 And fit it with such furniture, as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
 And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;⁴
 And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,

[4] Shakespeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life. *Envy* by our author, is used for malice and hatred, in other places, and, perhaps, in this. STEEVENS.

[5] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. JOHNSON.

And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
 Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive me !
 [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe : Yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us !
 Where may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith⁶ to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it ;
 I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident ;
 You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing, of a separation
 Between the king and Katharine ?

[6] *Strong faith*, is great fidelity.

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not ;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think you have hit the mark : But is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Ante-chamber in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome ; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king : which stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suff. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause ?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suff. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so ;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do ! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business !
And with what zeal ! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul ; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage :
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce : a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king : And is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most
true,

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't : All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages :⁷ all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.⁸

Suf. For me, my lords,

[7] This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. JOHNSON.

[8] The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the *Romans* : "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour ?" COLLINS.

I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
 If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
 Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
 I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
 To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;

And, with some other business, put the king
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him :
 —My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me ;

The king hath sent me other-where : besides
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
 Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

NORFOLK opens a folding door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there ? ha ?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust
 yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
 Malice ne'r meant : Our breach of duty, this way,
 Is business of estate ; in which, we come
 To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold ;
 Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
 Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ?—O my Wolsey,
 The quiet of my wounded conscience,
 Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom ;
 Use us, and it :—My good lord, have great care
 I be not found a talker.⁹

[*To WOLSEY.*]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

[9] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* JOHNSON.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy ; go. [To NORF. and Suf.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him ?

Suf. Not to speak of ;

I would not be so sick though, for his place :¹

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

} *Aside.*

[*Exeunt NORF. and Suf.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :

Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?

The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices :² Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius ;

Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble : 'To your highness' hand

I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,—

(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come :—Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that

A woman of less place might ask by law,

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and my favour

To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;

I find him a fit fellow.

[*Exit WOLSEY.*]

[1] That is, so sick as he is proud. JOHNSON.

[2] The construction is, have sent their free voices. MALONE.

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy and favour to you :
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
Forever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him ;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ;³ which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That's Christian care enough : for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bed-fellow ? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartment. Enter ANNE
BULLEN, and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither ;—Here's the pang that
pinches :

His highness having liv'd so long with her ; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing ;—O now, after

[3] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. JOHNS

So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt!⁴ it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,⁵ do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As sōul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.⁶

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,¹
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.⁷

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,⁸
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

[4] To send her away contemptuously: to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNSON.

[5] She calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Thus Fairfax:

"—twang'd the string, out flew the *quarrel* long." WARBURTON.

[6] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an English woman. JOHNSON.

[7] That is, our best *possession*. In Spanish, *hacienda*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Cheveril*—is kid-skin, soft leather. JOHNSON.

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange ; a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it : But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made : Pluck off a little ;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to : if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk !
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know
The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well ;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [Aside.
That they have caught the king : and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
'To lighten all this isle ?'—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late .
For any suit of pounds : and you, (O fate !)
A very fresh-fish here, (fye, fye, upon
This compell'd fortune !) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Ægypt :—Have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke !
A thousand pounds a year ! for pure respect ;
No other obligation : By my life,
That promises more thousands : Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess ;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would, I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence : Pray, do not deliver
What you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me ?

[Exeunt.

[1] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time : if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of king James.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars. Trumpets, Sennet,² and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and Saint ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a Cardinal's hat: then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars;³ after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read

Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scri. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scri. Say, Katharine queen of England come into court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

[2] A sennet appears to have signified a short flourish on Cornets. MALONE.

[3] Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his pillars. JOHNS.—So, in *The Treatous* a satire on Cardinal Wolsey, no date, but published between the execution of the duke of Buckingham and the repudiation of Katharine:

“With worldly pompe incredible, After them followe two laye men secular,
Before him rydeth two prestes strong; And each of them holdyng a pillar,
And they bare two crosses right longe, In their hondes steade of a mace.”

Gapping in every man's face:

STEEVENS.

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishopric, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. TOLLET.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice ;
And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
'That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you : If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
'Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before : It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel
I will implore : If not ; i' th' name of God,

Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire³ the court ; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly : Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,⁴
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice

[3] That you desire to *protract* the business of the court ; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. To pray for a *longer* day, i. e. a more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language of the bar. In the fourth folio, *defer* is substituted for *desire*. MALONE.

[4] *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says—I *challenge* him. JOHNSON.

For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
 The king is present : if it be known to him,
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood ? yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. But if he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies, to cure me : and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you : The which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak [mouth'd ;
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
 You sign your place and calling,⁵ in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility : but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have by fortune, and his highness' favours,⁶
 Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers : and your words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual : That again
 I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him. [*She offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by it ; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Cri. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back. [way ;

Q. Kath. What need you note it ? pray you, keep your

[5] To sign, must here be to show, to denote. By your outward meekness and humility, you show that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

[6] The queen would insinuate that Wolsey had rendered the highest offices subservient to his will. STEEVENS.

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on :
 I will not tarry : no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exe. Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other attendants*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that : Thou art, alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
 Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)⁷
 The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born ;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloos'd : although not there
 At once and fully satisfied,)⁸ whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness ; or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't ? or ever
 Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person ?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
 I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :
 But will you be more justify'd ? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd ; oft
 The passages made toward it :—on my honour,

[7] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

[8] The sense, which is incumbered with words, is no more than this—I must be
 loosed, though when so loosed, I shall not be satisfied fully, and at once ; that is, I
 shall not be immediately satisfied. JOHNSON.

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,⁹
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
 I will be bold with time, and your attention :—
 'Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give
 heed to't :—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick,¹ on certain speeches utter'd
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary : I' the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean, the bishop,) did require a respite ;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advèrtise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
 I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If not conceiv'd a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o' th' world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience,² I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together ; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which

[9] The king, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question ; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir in that business. THEO.

[1] Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNSON.

[2] The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves. STEEV.

I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
 With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reckon,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say
 How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,—
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread,—that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt ;
 And did entreat your highness to this course,
 Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
 My lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
 To make this present summons :—Unsolicited
 I left no reverend person in this court ;
 But by particular consent proceeded,
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on :
 For no dislike i'the world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court till further day ;
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness. *[They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. I may perceive,
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
 Pr'ythee, return ! with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
 I say, set on. *[Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment. The Queen, and some of her women, at work.*

Q. Katharine.

TAKE thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing :
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art ;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Full asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now ?

Gen. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me ?

Gen. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gen.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They should be good men ; their affairs are righteous :
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness !

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife :
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw.
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

[E] *Affairs* means not their present errand, but the business of their calling.

Q. Kath. Speak it here ;
 There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
 Deserves a corner : 'Would all other women
 Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
 My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
 Above a number,) if my actions
 Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
 Envy and base opinion set against them,⁵
 I know my life so even : If your business
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,⁶
 Out with it boldly ; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin ;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in :
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-
 picious ;
 Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you,
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
 Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord cardinal,
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
 May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
 I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
 (And service to his majesty and you,)
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
 You have too much, good lady : but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
 My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,

[5] I would be glad that my conduct were in some public trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

[6] That is, if you come to examine the title by which I am the king's wife ; or if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. JOHNSON.

His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me.

[*Aside.*

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so !)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause ;
Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit : Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)³
And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,⁴
They that my trust must grow to, live not here ;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection ;
He's loving, and most gracious ; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause ;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin :
Is this your christian counsel ? out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

[3] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me ; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live ? JOHNSON.

[4] To weigh out is the same as to outweigh. In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare has *overcome for come over*. STEEVENS.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye ; holy men I thought
ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye :
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady ?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity : But say, I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing : Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors ! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity ;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already ;
His love, too long ago : I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness ? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one ?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king ? lov'd him next heaven ? obey'd him ?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?⁶
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
And to that woman, when she hath done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title

[5] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine ; for I thought you good. The distress of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. JOHNSON.

[6] That is, served him with superstitious attention ; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wel. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would, I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—

Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes
[To her Women.

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me :—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,
The way of our profession is against it ;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm : Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, You'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;
Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : And, pray, forgive
If I have us'd myself unmannerly ;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty :
He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,

That is, if I have behaved myself unmannerly.

M. MASON.

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment. Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy,⁸ the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncondemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?⁹ when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?¹

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.

[8] Force is enforce, urge. JOHNSON.

[9] Which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected? JOHNS.

[1] When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another? JOHNSON.

In the divorce, his contrary proceedings²
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did intreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way.³ But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death ; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction !⁴

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;
There be more wasps than buzz about his nose,

[2] Private practices opposite to his public procedure. JOHNSON.

[3] To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge : not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circinvolutions. JOHNSON.

[4] To *trace*, is to follow. JOHNSON.

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o'the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cry'd, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.—

[Exit CROMWELL.]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :—

There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen !

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke !

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice !

[*ter,*

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's daugh-

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—

This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,

And well-deserving ? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,

The master-cord of his heart !

Enter the King, reading a schedule ;⁵ and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,

Does he rake this together !—Now, my lords ;

Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him : Some strange commotion

Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;

Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

Then, lays his finger on his temple ; straight,

Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again,⁶

Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts

His eye against the moon : in most strange postur

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be ;

[5] That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another.

STEEVENS.

[6] Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance : ——— *citus modo, modo tardus incessus.*

STEEVENS.

There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd ; And, wot you, what I found
There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will ;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings : but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL *who goes to* WOLSEY

Wol. Heaven forgive me !
Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well ;
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

Sur. The Lord increase this business !

[*Aside.*

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours :—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities :⁷ Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : the honour of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,⁸
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you

[7] My endeavours though less than my desires, have *fil'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. JOHNSON.

[8] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. JOHNSON.

And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
 Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken your's.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken :
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this ;
[Giving him Papers.]
 And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal WOLSEY : the
 Nobles throw after him, smiling and whispering.]*

Wol. What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so ;
 This paper has undone me :—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly ; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the pope ?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of
 SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands
 To render up the great seal presently [you
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself

To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them ?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me :
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents : Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest ;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st feel
My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.¹

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king : your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life :—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,² when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember,
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.

[1] The hat of a cardinal is scarlet ; and one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them. STEEVENS.

[2] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell : from the French *sacrer*. THEOBALD.

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;

I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,²—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

[2] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *pramonere*. STEEVENS.

Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have : I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !³
 What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Crom-
 The king has gone beyond me, all my glories [well,
 In that one woman I have lost for ever :
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;
 That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
 What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 (I know his noble nature,) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,

[3] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A tomb of tears is very harsh. JOHNSON.

Neglect him not : make use now,⁴ and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be your's.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :⁵
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

[4] i. e. Make interest. STEEVENS.

[5] Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life, it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or public minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs to his pupil. It would make a good christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends. I am of opinion the poet wrote :

-----cherish those hearts that wait thee :

that is, thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction : *Corruption wins not more than honesty.* That is, You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. *WARBURTON.*

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a statesman, but as a christian. Shakespeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. STEEVENS.

Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
 And,—pr'ythee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.*

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A street in Westminster. Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 *Gen.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gen.* And so are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
 The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true : but that time offered sorrow ;
 This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well : The citizens,
 I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds ;
 As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
 In celebration of this day with shows,
 Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
 Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
 That paper in your hand ?

1 *Gen.* Yes ; 'tis the list
 Of those, that claim their offices this day,
 By custom of the coronation.

[5] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. JOHNSON.

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip II. of Spain made the same pathetic complaint : " Mon zele etoit si grand vers ces benignes puissances [la cour de Turin,] que si j'en eusse seu autant pour Dieu, je ne doute point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompense de son paradis." MALONE.

This was a strange sentence for Wolsey to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his king in the affair of the divorce : but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves. MASON.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward : next, the duke of Norfolk,
To be earl marshal ; you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, sir ; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess-dowager ? how goes her business ?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court a Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay ; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect :
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady !— [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets ; then, enter

- 1 *Two Judges.*
- 2 *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
- 3 *Choristers singing.* [Music.
- 4 *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
- 5 *Marquis DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
- 6 *Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
- 7 *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-Ports ; under it, The Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
- 8 *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
- 9 *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold, without flowers.*

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me.—These I know ;—
Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

1 Gen. Marquis Dorset :

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman : And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same ; high-steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heaven bless thee ! [*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy ; and so are all, are
near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a
great flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i'the abbey ; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more ; and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw
The ceremony ?

3 Gen. That I did.

1 Gen. How was it ?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up ; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war,¹ would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there ; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, 'pray, what follow'd ?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest pace
Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past :
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gen.* I know it ;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 *Gen.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one of Winchester,
(Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gen.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

[1] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that :

However, yet there's no great breach ; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king—

Has made him master of the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests ;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II².

Kimbolton. Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace ?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden :—Reach a chair ;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,³
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,

[2] This scene is above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery.

JOHNSON.

[3] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, haply.* STEEVENS.

Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
 To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,
 An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
 Give him a little earth for charity !*

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity,—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach,⁴ ever ranking
 Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;
 His own opinion was his law : I' the presence
 He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill,⁵ and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,

[4] That is, of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. STEEVENS.

[5] A criminal connexion with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*.
 MALONE.

(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little :
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him !—
 Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep : Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her ;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six person-
 ages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays,
 and golden vizards on their faces ; branches of bays, or palm, in
 their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and, at cer-
 tain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ;
 at which, the other four make reverend court sies ; then the two,
 that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who
 observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland
 over her head : which done, they deliver the same garland to the
 last two, who likewise observe the same order : at which, (as it
 were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing,
 and holdeth up her hands to heaven : and so in their dancing they
 vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all gone?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :
 Saw ye none enter, since I slept ?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promis'd me eternal happiness ;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. *[Music ceases.]*

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
How long her face is drawn ? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold ? Mark you her eyes ?

Grif. She is going, wench ; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow :
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly : There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. *[Exe. GRIFF. and Mes.]*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,

And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
'Tis like a pardon after execution :

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

[Giving it to KATHARINE]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter ;—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;
I hope, she will deserve well ;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by ;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will ;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness :
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace. Enter GARDINER
Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him,
met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not ?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights ;⁷ times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas !
Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord ?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas ; and left him at primero⁸
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter ?
It seems, your are in haste : an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business :⁹ Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have

[7] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

[8] *Primerio* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera*, *Primavista*. *La Primere*, G. Prime, f. *Prime venue*. *Primum*, et *primum visum*, that is, first, and first seen : because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins the game. GREY.

[9] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you ;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily ; that it may find
Good time, and live : but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,——
Hear me, sir Thomas :——You are a gentleman
Of mine own way ;¹ I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,——
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom. As for Cromwell,——
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,²
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue ; and who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is,
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they moved,
Have broken with the king ;³ who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care ; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,

[1] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

[2] Trade, is the practised method, the general course. JOHNSON.

[3] They have broken silence ; told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

To morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.⁴ He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long ; good night, sir Thomas.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

Lov. Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your servant.

As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou ? ha !
To pray for her ! what, is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir !

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.— [Exit SUFFOLK.]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows ?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha ! Canterbury ?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true : Where is he, Denny ?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

[4] Convented is summoned, convened. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake ;
I am happily come hither.

[*Aside*

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha !—I have said.—Begone.

What !—

[*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful :—Wherefore frowns he thus ?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord ? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;
I have news to tell you ; Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : You a brother of us,^s
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness ;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury ;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend : Give me thy hand, stand up ;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd

[5] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNSON.

You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you
Without indurance,⁶ further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on⁷ is my truth, and honesty ;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world ?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it : At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,⁸
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me !

K. Hen. Be of good cheer ;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
You do appear before them ; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps !

[6] *Indurance*, that is confinement. JOHNSON.

[7] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say :

The ground I stand on——. JOHNSON.

[8] To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
 I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.— [Exit CRANMER.
 He has strangled
 His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [Within.] Come back ; what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings !

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?
 Say, ay ; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege ;
 And of a lovely boy : The God of heaven
 Both now and ever bless her !—'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
 As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
 [Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll have more.
 An ordinary groom is for such payment.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the girl is like to him ?
 I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Lobby before the Council-chamber. Enter CRANMER ; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late ; and yet the gentleman,
 That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
 To make great haste. All fast ? what means this ?—Hoa !
 Who waits there ?—Sure, you know me ?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord ;
 But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily : The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician ; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me
Wait else at door ; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfil'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter, at a window above, the King and BUTTS.*⁹

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts ?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it ?

Butts. There, my lord :

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha ! 'Tis he, indeed :

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close ;
We shall hear more anon.—

[*Exeunt.*]

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Earl of
SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL.
The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table*

[9] The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peep-holes may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Without a previous knowledge of this custom, Shakespeare's scenery, in the present instance, would be obscure.

on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary :

Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop ;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-table.

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty : But we all are men,
In our own natures frail ; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels :¹ out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords : for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle ;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic : And what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany,² can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

[1] Few are perfect while they remain in their mortal capacity. STEEVENS.

[2] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. — GREY.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever, to do well : nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart,³ my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend ; if you will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful : I see your end,
'Tis my undoing : Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition ;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,

[3] A heart void of duplicity or guile. MALONE. It is a scriptural expression. See Acts ii. 46. REED.

That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,⁴
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much ;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gard. What other
Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome.—
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'the tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

[4] Those that understand you, under this painted gloss this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.⁵

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him !
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,

[5] It seems to have been a custom, begun probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law ; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission on whatever was done under its authority. Instances abound in the history of almost every nation. See *Procopius de bell. Vandal.* L. I. p. 15, as quoted in Farnworth's *Machinzel*, Vol. I. p. 9. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited. See Birch's *Negotiations*, p. 206. REED.

Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

Good man, [*To CRANMER.*] sit down. Now let me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom ; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Cham. Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour ; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons ;
You shall have

[5] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called

Two noble partners with you ; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset ; Will these please you ?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true
The common voice, I see, is verified [heart.
Of thee, which says thus, *To my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*The Palace Yard. Noise and tumult within : Enter Porter
and his Man.*

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : Do
you take the court for Paris-garden ?⁶ ye rude slaves,
leave your gaping.⁷

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue :
Is this a place to roar in ?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree
staves, and strong ones ; these are but switches to them.—
I'll scratch your heads : You must be seeing christenings ?
Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient ; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning ;⁸ which will never be :

We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd ?

apostle spoons, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve ; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name. STEEVENS.

[6] The bear-garden of that time. JOHNSON.

[7] *Gaping*—that is, shouting or roaring ; a sense which this word has now almost lost. REED.—Such being one of the ancient senses of the verb—to *gape*, perhaps the "*gaping pig*" mentioned by Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, has hitherto been misinterpreted. STEEVENS.

[8] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *maying* on the first of May. STEEVENS.

Man. Alas, I know not ; How gets the tide in ?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,⁹
to mow them down before me : but, if I spared any, that
had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold
or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine
again ; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.
—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by
the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ?¹ or have
we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court,
the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry of forni-
cation is at the door ! On my christian conscience, this
one christening will beget a thousand ; here will be fa-
ther, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fel-
low somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his
face ;² for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now
reign in's nose ; all that stand about him are under the
line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake³ did I
hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose
discharg'd against me ; he stands there, like a mortar-
piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of
small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd
porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combus-
tion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that
woman, who cry'd out, clubs !⁴ when I might see from
far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which
were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered.

[9] Of *Guy of Warwick* every one has heard. *Colbrand* was the Danish giant whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton, in his *Polybion*. JOHNSON.

[1] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields. JOHNSON.

[2] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood. JOHNS.

[3] A *fire-drake* is thus described by Bullokar, 1616 : " *Firedrake*, A *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid ; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation*, inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh ; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest maketh it seem like a bellie, and both ends like to a head and taile." MALONE.

[4] The outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult. WHALLEY.

They fell on ; I made good my place ; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work : The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-Hill,⁵ or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,⁶ and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beadles,⁷ that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here ! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves ?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows. There's a trim rabble let in : Are all these Your faithful friends o'the suburbs ? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men ; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done :
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect : You are lazy knaves ;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,⁸ when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound :
They are come already from the christening :
Go, break among the press, and find a way-out
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail ; I'll pick you o'er the pales else.⁹ [*Exeunt.*]

[5] I suspect this to have been a puritanical meeting-house. JOHNSON.

[6] He means in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase, in the same sense, at this day. MALONE. [7] A public whipping. JOHNSON.

[8] A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel* ; to bait bumbards is to tipple, to lie at the spigot. JOHNSON. [9] To *pick* is to pitch. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The Palace. Enter trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts ; then four noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady : then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth !

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the My noble partners, and myself, thus pray ;— [good queen, All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye !

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop ;
What is her name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the child.*]
With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee !
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal :
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her !)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd and fear'd : her own shall bless her :
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her ;
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her :² But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.]

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,

[2] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. JOHNSON.

And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;—
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this play can never please
 All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say, 'tis naught : Others, to hear the city
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*That's witty !*
 Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
 All the expected good we are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women ;
 For such a one we show'd them ;³ If they smile,
 And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
 All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.⁴

[3] Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakespeare ; *non vultus, non color*. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible : the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakespeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is, in Shakespeare, so much of *fool and fight* ;

“ -----the fellow,

“ In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow.”

appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions. JOHNSON.

[4] The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* are among the happiest of our author's compositions ; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry VIII.* deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall : from Holinshed Shakespeare has often inserted whole speeches, with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian. To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*. JOHNSON.

CORIOIANUS.



OBSERVATIONS.

THE tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch*. POPE.

Of this play, there is no edition before that of the players, in folio, in 1623. JOHNSON.

This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome, 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS, }
COMINIUS, } *generals against the Volscians.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*

Young MARCIUS, *son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,
Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and
other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of
the Volscians and Antiates.*



CORIOLANUS.



ACT IV. SCENE IV.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Painted by R. K. Porter

Tanner, Vallance, Kearny & Co. sc

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street. Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cits. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cits. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cits. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cits. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:¹ What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear:² the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes,³ ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cits. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

[1] *Good* is here used in the mercantile sense. FARMER.

[2] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

[3] It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a dissolute man, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rakel*, in *Islandick*, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.—It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its original simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. *As thin as a whipping-post*, is another proverb of the same kind. STEEVENS.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country.

1 *Cit.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him : You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o'the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol.

Cits. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft ; who comes here ?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough ; 'Would all the rest were so !

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand ? Where go you
With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves ?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state ; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment : For the dearth,
 The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
 You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attend you ; and you slander
 The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
 When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us !—True, indeed !—They ne'er cared
 for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses
 crammed with grain ; make edicts for usury, to support
 usurers : repeal daily any wholesome act established
 against the rich ; and provide more piercing statutes
 daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars
 eat us not up, they will ; and there's all the love they
 bear us.

Men. Either you must
 Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
 A pretty tale ; it may be, you have heard it ;
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
 To scale 't a little more.⁴

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir : yet you must not think
 to fob off our disgrace with a tale :⁵ but, an't please you,
 deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
 Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—
 That only like a gulf it did remain
 I' the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,
 Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
 Like labour with the rest ; where the other instruments⁶
 Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
 And, mutually participate, did minister
 Unto the appetite and affection common
 Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly ?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
 Which ne'er came from the lungs,⁷ but even thus,
 (For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
 As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
 To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

[4] To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North, where they say
scale the corn, i. e. scatter it : *scale* the muck well, i. e. spread the dung well.
 STEEVENS.

[5] *Disgraces* are hardships, injuries. JOHNSON.

[6] *Where* for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

[7] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON

That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.⁸

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer : What !
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart,⁹ the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then ?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks !—what then ? what then ?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'the body,——

Men. Well, what then ?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you ;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,) *Patience*, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body : But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o'the brain ;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,¹
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—

Cits. Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each ;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,

[8] I suppose we should read—*They are not as you.* So, in *St. Luke*, xviii. 11 :
“ God, I thank thee, I am not as this publican.” The pronoun—*such*, only disorders
the measure. STEEVENS.

[9] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a
prudent man. JOHNSON.

[1] Cranks are the meandrous ducts of the human body. STEEVENS.

And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer : How apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members : For examine
Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common ; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think ?
You, the great toe of this assembly ?—

Cit. I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

Men. For that, being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :
'Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first to win some 'vantage.²—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
'The one side must have bale.³—Hail, noble Marcius !

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissensious
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, [rogues,
Make yourselves scabs ?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war ? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.⁴ Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate : and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye ?
With every minute you do change a mind ;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,

[2] Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. MALONE.

[3] *Bale*, as well as *bane*, signified *poison* in Shakespeare's days. STEEVENS.

[4] That is, Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice ; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

That in these several places of the city
 You cry against the noble senate, who,
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rate; whereof, they say,
 The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
 Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
 Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,⁵
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry⁶
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.⁷

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
 What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!

They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;
 That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
 That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
 Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 (To break the heart of generosity,⁸
 And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
 Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'Sdeath!
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
 Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes

[5] *Ruth*—that is, their pity, compassion. STEEVENS.

[6] Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

[7] And so the word [*pitch*] is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants. TOLLET.

[8] To give the final blow to the nobles. *Generosity* is high birth. JOHNSON.

For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators : JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;
The Volces are in arms.⁹

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility :
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :
What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol ; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :
—Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius !

1 *Sen.* Hence ! To your homes, begone. [*To the citizens.*
Mar. Nay, let them follow :

[9] The meaning is, The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified ; they are in arms. JOHNSON.

The Volces have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth :¹ pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and MENEN.*
Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.²

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him : he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business !

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.³

Bru. Come :
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity,⁴ he goes,
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

[2] To gird—To sneer, to gibe. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, every man has a gird at me. JOHNSON.

[3] *Merits* and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning. STEEVENS.

[4] We will learn what he is to do besides *going himself* ; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-house. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads.

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS' house. Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort : If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way ;⁵ when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I,—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.⁶ I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam ? how then ?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son ; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely :—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum ;

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair ;

As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him :

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,

[5] That is, attracted the attention of every one towards him. DOUCE.

[6] The crown given to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

Though you were born in Rome : His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes ;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! O, Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy.⁷ The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here ? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son ?

Vir. I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O my word, the father's son : I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O my troth, I looked upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together : he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up again ; catch'd it again : or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it ; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it !⁸

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.⁹

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors !

Vol. She shall, she shall.

[7] Gilt means a superficial display of gold, a word now obsolete. STEEVENS.

[8] To mamnock is to cut in pieces, or to tear. STEEVENS.

[9] Crack signifies a boy child. STEEVENS.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience : I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably ; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you ?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope : yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come ; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me ; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you ; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam.

Val. In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volces have an army forth ; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour ; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam ; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady ; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would :—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No : at a word, madam ; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli. Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news :—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy ?

Mes. They lie in view ; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him : lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lies these armies ?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work ;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends !—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, and others.

—Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
'That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Alarums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth : We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up : our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes ;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off ;

[Other Alarums.]

'There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it !

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho !

The Volces enter and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave
Titus :

'They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fel-
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce, *[lows ;*
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorr'd

Further than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !
 All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you : look to't : Come on ;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope :—Now prove good seconds :
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness ; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they

Have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius ?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters : who, upon the sudden,
 Clapp'd-to their gates ; he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
 And, when it bows, stands up ! Thou art left, Marcius :
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish,¹ not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir.

[1] Plutarch, in *The Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as his opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terror in his looks and tone of voice ; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOBALD.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.²

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.

Within the Town. A Street. Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't ! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him ;—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not :
My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me :
To Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius ! *[Exit MAR.]*
—Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind : Away, *[Exeunt.]*

[2] *Make remain*—is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain. HANMER.

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of COMINIUS. Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought. We are
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, [come off
Nor cowardly in retire : Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends :—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own ;
That both our pow'rs, with smiling fronts encountering,
Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice !—Thy news ?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile : Briefly, we heard their drums :
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late ?

Mes. Spies of the Voices
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd ? O gods !
He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh ! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd ; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,

How is't with Titus Lartius ?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees :
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;
Ransoming him, or pitying,² threatening the other ;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?
Where is he ? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone ;
He did inform the truth : But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague !—tribunes for them !)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think——
Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle ? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i'the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :
And that you not delay the present ;⁴ but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd,⁵ and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing :—If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting

[3] That is, remitting his ransom. JOHNSON.

[4] Delay, for let slip. WARB. [5] That is, swords lifted high. JOHNSON.

Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear
 Lesser his person than an ill report ;
 If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
 And that his country's dearer than himself ;
 Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
 Wave thus, [*Waving his hand*] to express his disposition,
 And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords ; take him up
 in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?
 If these shows be not outward, which of you
 But is four Volces ? None of you but is
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
 Though thanks to all, must I select : the rest
 Shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,⁶
 Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows :
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli. TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard
 upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward
 COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant,
 a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded : Keep your duties
 As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
 Those centuries to our aid ;⁷ the rest will serve
 For a short holding : If we lose the field,
 We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.
 —Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

[6] Perhaps we may read :

-----Please you to march ;
 And *fear* shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are *least* inclin'd.

Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from cowards.
 JOHNSON.

[7] That is, companies consisting each of a hundred men. Our author sometimes
 uses this word to express simply—a hundred. STEEVENS.

SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike ;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy : Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd : 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,⁸
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.—

*[They fight, and certain Volces come
to the aid of AUFIDIUS.]*

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.⁹

[Exeunt, driven in by MARCIUS.]

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish.

*Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans ; at the other side,
MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted
And, gladly quak'd,¹ hear more ; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier !—*
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,

[8] An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that these words mean, "the whip that your bragg'd progeny was possess'd of." MALONE.

[9] For condemned, we may read contemned. You have, to my shame sent me help that I despise. JOHNSON.

[1] That is, thrown into a grateful trepidation. STEEVENS.

Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,

Here is the steed, we the caparison :²

Had'st thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more. My mother,

Who has a charter to extol her blood,³

When she does praise me, grieves me.

I have done as you have done ; that's what I can :

Induc'd, as you have been ; that's for my country :

He, that has but effected his good will,

Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be

The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know

The value of her own : 'twere a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,

To hide your doings ; and to silence that,

Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,

Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward

What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,⁴

Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,

And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses

(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,

We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution, at

Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;

But cannot make my heart consent to take

A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;

And stand upon my common part with those

That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS ! MARCIUS ! cast up their caps and lances : COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall

[2] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNSON.

[3] A privilege to praise her own son. JOHNSON.

[4] That is, not be remembered. JOHNSON.

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
 Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
 An overture for the wars!⁵—No more, I say;
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
 Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical;
 As if I loved, my little should be dieted
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
 (Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
 Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you.—
 I mean to stride your steed; and at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power.⁶

Com. So, to our tent:
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
 The best,⁷ with whom we may articulate,⁸
 For their own good, and ours.

[5] It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of it, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakespeare. STEEVENS. When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be suddenly converted to the use of war. *Overture*, was used by the writers of Shakespeare's time in the sense of *prelude* or *preparation*. MALONE.

[6] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him.—Fairness for utmost. WARBURTON.

[7] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

[8] That is, enter into articles. STEEVENS.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis your's.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly;
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

'The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

*The Camp of the Volces. A Flourish. Cornets. Enter
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;⁷
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

[7] *Potch*, is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push. STEEVENS.
The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. MALONE.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle : My valour's poison'd,
 With only suffering stain by him ; for him
 Shall fly out of itself :¹ nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick : nor fane, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard,² even there
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city ;
 Learn, how 'tis held ; and what they are, that must
 Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove ;³
 I pray you,
 ('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
 How the world goes ; that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt,*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place. Enter MENENIUS,
 SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
 they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?⁴

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians
 would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You
 are two old men ; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

[1] To mischief him, my valour should *deviate from* its own native generosity.

JOHNSON.

[2] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him.

JOHNSON.

[3] *Attended*—that is, waited for. STEEVENS.

[4] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, of the people's hate of
 Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom
 does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that
 among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,⁵ and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning.⁶ What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked

[5] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

[6] Rather a late lier down, than an early riser. JOHNSON.

face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables : and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men ; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too ? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too ?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs ;⁸ you wear out a good wholesome forenoon,⁹ in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller ; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers ; set up the bloody flag against all patience ;¹ and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves : You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion ; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships ; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians ; I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the
back of the scene.]

[8] That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you. MALONE.

[9] It appears from this whole speech that Shakespeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

[1] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius ; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee :—Hoo ! Marcius coming home !

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him ; the state hath another, his wife another ; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night :—A letter for me ?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of seven year's health ; in which time I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded. I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much :—Brings a victory in his pocket ?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius : he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly ?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that : an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this ?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go :—Yes, yes, yes : the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous ? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true !

Vol. True ? pow, wow.

Men. True ? I'll be sworn they are true :—Where is he wounded ?—God save your good worships ! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded ?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm : There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave : [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark ! the trumpets !

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius : before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears ; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie ; Which being advanc'd declines ; and then men die.³

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland ; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates : where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these In honour follows, Coriolanus :—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus ! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O !

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd, What is it ? Coriolanus, must I call thee ? But O, thy wife—

[3] Volumnia in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON.

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !²
 Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
 That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah, my dear,
 Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
 And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee !

Cor. And live you yet ?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*

Vol. I know not where to turn :—O welcome home ;
 And welcome, general ;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
 And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy : Welcome :
 A curse begin at very root of his heart,
 That is not glad to see thee !—You are three,
 That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of men,
 We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
 Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :
 We call a nettle, but a nettle ; and
 The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and your's : [*To his Wife and Mother.*
 Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
 The good patricians must be visited ;
 From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
 But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
 To see inherited my very wishes,
 And the buildings of my fancy : Only there
 Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
 Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
 I had rather be their servant in my way,
 Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets.*

[*Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
 Are spectacl'd to see him : Your prattling nurse

: [4] By my gracious silence, I believe, the poet meant, *than whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, in *The Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

A lady's tears are silent orators,
 Or should be so at least, to move beyond
 The honey-tongued rhetorician. STEEVENS.

Gracious seems to have had the same meaning formerly that graceful has at this day.
 MALONE.

Into a rapture lets her baby cry,⁵
 While she chats him : the kitchen malkin⁶ pins
 Her richest lockram⁷ 'bout her reechy neck,⁸
 Clamb'ring the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions ; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens⁹
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phoebus' burning kisses : such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god,¹ who leads him,
 Where slyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
 From where he should begin, and end ; but will
 Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
 The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
 Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
 With the least cause, these his new honours ; which
 That he'll give them, make as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Where he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility ;²
 Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

[5] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So to be rapp'd signified, to be in a fit. WARBURTON.

[6] A malkin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens : thence a dirty wench. HANMER.—*Maukin* in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens : a scarecrow. P.—*Malkin* is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary) ; as *Wilkin*, *Tonkin*, &c. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a cat. The kitchen malkin is the same as the kitchen *Madge* or *Bess* : the scullion. RITSON.

[7] *Lockram* was a kind of cheap linen. STEEVENS.

[8] *Reechy* is greasy, sweaty. RITSON.

[9] Seld-shown *flamens*—that is, priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view. STEEVENS.

[1] That is as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be. JOHNSON.

[2] By *napless* Shakespeare means *thread-bare*. Plutarch's words are "with a poore gowne on their backes." MALONE.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms : holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war ; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't ; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter ?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak : Matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts :
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol ;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol. Enter two officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here : How many stand for consulships ?

2 *Off.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently³ 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,⁴ without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him ; he is a worthy man : Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,

[3] *H* waved—that is, he would have waved indifferently.

JOHNSON.

[4] *Bonnetter*, *Fr.* is to pull off one's cap.

M. MASON.

As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country : Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,⁵
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off ;⁶
I would you rather had been silent : Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly :
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak,—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir : yet oft,

[5] Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. that is nothing to the purpose. JOHNSON.

When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit COR.]

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,¹
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it ?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,² he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin³ he drove
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'er press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd the best man i'the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd⁴ all swords o'the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the fliers ;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport : as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem : his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries : alone he enter'd

[1] How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it when even offered to himself. JOHNSON.

[2] When Tarquin raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

[3] That is, his chin on which there was no beard. STEEVENS.

[4] To lurch, in Shakespeare's time, signified to win a maiden set at cards

The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet : Now all's his :
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours⁵
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o'the world : he covets less
 Than misery⁶ itself would give ; rewards
 His deeds with doing them ; and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble ;
 Let him be call'd for.

Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
 To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the people.⁷

Cor. I do beseech you,
 Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,

[5] That is, no honour will be too great for him ; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

[6] *Misery* for avarice ; because a *miser* signifies avaricious. WARBURTON.

[7] Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose both the consuls : And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to Shakespeare's ignorance ; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well as to the dignity of his characters, or the dictates of nature in general. WARBURTON.-----The inaccuracy is to be attributed not to our author, but to Plutarch. North's translation. p. 244. MALONE.

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't.—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom ; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that ?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus ;—
Show them the unaking scars, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only :—

Men. Do not stand upon't.
—We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish.* Then exeunt senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent ! He that will re-
quire them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum. Enter several Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a
power that we have no power to do : for if he show us
his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if
he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous : and for
the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster
of the multitude ; of the which, we being members,
should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve : for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stùck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many ; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured : and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south ;⁸ and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points of the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so ? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly ?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head : but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way ?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog ; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks :—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices ? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility ; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars : wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues : therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[Exeunt.]

Men. O, sir, you are not right : have you not known The worthiest men have done it ?

Cor. What must I say ?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't ! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace :—Look, sir ;—my wounds ;—I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran

[8] To suppose all their wits to issue from one skull, and that their common consent and agreement to go all one way, should end in their flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the opinions, wishes, and actions of the multitude. M. MASON.

From noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods !

You must not speak of that ; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me ? Hang 'em !

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all ;

I'll leave you : Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exit

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, sir ; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert ?

Cor. Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1 Cit. How ! not your own desire ?

Cor. No, sir : 'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we
hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship ?

1 Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly ?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't : I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be your's in private.—Your good voice, sir ;
What say you ?

2 Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir :—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd ;—
I have your alms ; adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[Exit, two Citizens.]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of
your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the cus-
tomary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and
you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma ?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends ; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dear estimation of them ; 'tis a condition they account gentle : and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly ; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchments of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend ; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge⁹ with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily ! [*Exe.*

Cor. Most sweet voices !—

Better is it to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown¹ should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches ? Custom calls me to't :—
What custom wills, in all things, should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through ;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of ; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more : your voices :

[9] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

[1] Mr. Steevens is clearly right, in supposing the allusion to be to the "wolf in sheep's clothing;" not indeed that Coriolanus means to call himself a wolf ; but merely to say, "Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility which is not in my nature." RITSON.

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul : The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people !

All. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul ! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices !

Enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation ; and the tribunes Endue you with the people's voice : Remains, That, in the official marks invested, you Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd : The people do admit you ; and are summon'd To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself again, Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt COR. and MEN.*]
—He has it now ; and, by his looks, methinks, 'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore His humble weeds : Will you dismiss the people ?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters ? have you chose this man ?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir : To my poor unworthy notice, He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says He us'd us scornfully : he should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No ; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*]

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn, [in private ;
I would be consul, says he : aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore : When we granted that,
Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you :—Was not this mockery ?

Sic. Why, either, you were ignorant to see't ?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy ; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I'the body of the weal : and now, arriving
At place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves : You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature }
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,³
When he did need your loves ; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry

[2] Did you want knowledge to discern it ? JOHNSON.

[3] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNSON.

Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues ?⁴

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him :
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride,⁵
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Cic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections : and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,

[4] Your voices that hitherto have been solicited. STEEVENS.

[5] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,⁶
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so : almost all
Repent in their election.

[*Several speak.*
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer⁷
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol :
Come ; we'll be there before the stream o'the people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street. Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

Coriolanus.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first ;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

[6] That is, weighing his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

[7] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford
JOHNSON.

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me ; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How ? what ?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword :
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most : that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he ?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To LART.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them ;
For they do prank them in authority,⁸
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on : no further.

Cor. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter ?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons ?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices ?

Sen. Tribunes, give way ; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues ?—What are your
offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?⁹
Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility :—
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,

[8] Plume, deck, dignify themselves. JOHNSON.

[9] The metaphor is from man's setting a mastiff upon any one. WARBURTON

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot :

The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people ; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since ?

Bru. How ! I inform them !

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul ? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir : If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd :—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome ;¹ nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn !

This was my speech, and I will speak't again ;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons :—

But for the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves :² I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion,³ insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number ;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

[1] That is, this trick of dissimulation ; this shuffling. JOHNSON.

[2] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON.

[3] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. STEEVENS.

Men. Well, no more.

1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,⁴
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o'the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows?⁵ mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.⁶

Cor. *Shall*!

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters,⁷ wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then veil your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs.⁸ They chose their magistrate:
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,

[4] *Mesell a leper.* STEEVENS. [5] i. e. small fry. Warburton. A minnow is one of the smallest river fish. Johnson.

[6] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech of which he has no right. Johnson.-----These words appear to me to imply the very reverse. MASON.

[7] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. Warburton.

[8] The plain meaning is, that senators and plebeians are equal when the highest taste is best, 'eased with that which pleases the lowest. STEEVENS.

His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece ! By Jove himself, —
 It makes the consuls base : and my soul akes,⁹
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece,——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
 power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
 One, that speaks thus, their voice ?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
 Was not our recompence ; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't : Being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates :¹ this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis : Being i'the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them : The accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
 How shall this bosom multiplied² digest
 The senate's courtesy ? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words :—*We did request it ;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands :— Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears : which will in time break ope
 The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles.——

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

[9] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. WARBURTON.

[1] That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

[2] This *multitudinous* bosom ; the bosom of that great monster, the people. MAL.

Cor. No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal !—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't ;³ that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic,⁴
That sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison : Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;⁵
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee !—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench : In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,⁶
And throw their power i'the dust.

Bru.—Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho !—Let him be apprehended.

[3] To doubt is to fear. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors ; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the original constitution of our government.

JOHNSON.

[4] To jump, anciently signified to jolt, to give a rude concussion to any thing. To jump a body may therefore mean to put it into violent agitation or commotion.

STEEVENS.

[5] Integrity is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency, JOHNSON.

[6] Let it be said by you, that what is meet to be done, must be meet, i. e. shall be done, and put an end at once to tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature. MALONE.

Sic. Go, call the people ; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator.

A foe to the public weal : Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat !

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles and a Rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him !

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons ! [*Several speak.*

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens !—what ho !—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens !

Cit. Peace, peace, peace ; stay, hold, peace !

Men. What is about to be ?—I am out of breath ;
Confusion's near : I cannot speak :—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience :—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people ;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune ;—peace. Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fye, fye, fye !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people ?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation ;

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent :—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No ; I'll die here. *[Drawing his sword.]*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting ;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword ;—Tribunes, withdraw a

Bru. Lay hands upon him. *[while.]*

Men. Help, Marcius ! help,
You that be noble ; help him, young, and old !

Cit. Down with him, down with him !

*[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
People, are all beat in.]*

Men. Go, get you to your house ; begone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast ;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid !

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself : Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are, Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not, Though calv'd i'the porch o'the capitol,)—

Men. Begone ;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them ; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic ;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return ? ' whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, begone ;
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little ; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away. [*Exe. COR. COM. and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth :
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
Here's goodly work !

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

Men. I would they were in Tiber !—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair ?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

[7] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those like above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.* JOHNSON.

Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't. [*Several speak together.*]

Men. Sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc,^a where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak :—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults :—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then :
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he has lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country :

[8] *To cry havoc* was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a hawk. It was afterwards used in war, and is expressly forbid in *Ordonances des Battailles*, the second article of which seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price*. TYRWHITT.

And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.⁹

Bru. Merely awry : When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, is not then respected
For what before it was ?

Bru. We'll hear no more :—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If 'twere so,—

Sic. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our Ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come :—

Men. Consider this ;—He has been bred i'the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer :
—Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place :—we'll attend you there :
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you :—

[8] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va a contrepoil*, All goes clean kam. Hence a cambrel for a crooked stick or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARB. The Welch word for crooked is kam STEEVENS.

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in CORIOLANUS's house. Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse,⁹ my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up¹
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you ; [*To VOL.*]
Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have me
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so : Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
thing too rough ;
You must return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy ;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city

[9] That is, I wonder, I am at a loss.

[1] My rank. JOHNSON.

Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd :

I have a heart as little apt as your's,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
'To better,'vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman :

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods :
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute ;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak.² I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together : Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there ?

Cor. Tush, tush !

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war ; since that to both
It stands in like request ?

Cor. Why force you this ?³

Vol. Because, that now it lies you on to speak
To the people ; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to ;
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

[2] Except in cases of urgent necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion. MALONE.

[3] Why urge you ? JOHNSON.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
 My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
 I should do so in honour : I am in this,
 Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;⁴
 And you will rather show our general lowts⁵
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
 Of what that want might ruin.⁶

Men. Noble lady !—

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,
 Not what is dangerous present,⁷ but the loss
 Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
 Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
 And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
 Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
 Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
 That humble, as the ripest mulberry,⁸
 Now will not hold the handling : Or, say to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
 Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were your's :
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
 Go, and be rul'd : although, I know, thou hadst rather
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
 Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i'the market-place : and, sir, 'tis fit
 You make strong party, or defend yourself
 By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he

[4] I think the meaning is, 'I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, your son.' [5] Our common clowns. JOHNSON.

[6] The want of their loves. [7] Not seems to signify not only. JOHNSON.

[8] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will :—

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it. [Must I

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?⁸

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart

A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't :

Yet were there but this single plot to lose,⁹

This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,

And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place :—

You have put me now to such a part, which never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son : as thou hast said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,

To have my praise for this, perform a part

Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't :—

Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,

Which quired with my drum,¹ into a pipe

Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice

That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks;² and school-boys tears take up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue

Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his

That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't :

Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,

And, by my body's action, teach my mind

A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then :

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,

Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness;³ for I mock at death

With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.

[8] *Unbarbed*—bare, uncovered. In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*, probably from the old word *barbe*, which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS. To *barb* a man was to shave him. To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. Unbarbed may however bear the signification which Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. STEEVENS.

[9] That is, piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. WARBURTON.

[1] Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNSON.

[2] To *tent*, is to take up residence. JOHNSON.

[3] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, 'Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.' JOHNSON.

Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content ;
Mother, I am going to the market-place ;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you : arm yourself
To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly :—Pray you, let us go :
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ; mildly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum. Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power : If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people ;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come ?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll ?

Æd. I have ; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'the truth o'the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to giv't them.

Bru. Go about it.

[Exit *Ædile*.

—Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, and
Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.⁴—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter *Ædile* with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience; peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

[4] That is, would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume.
STEEVENS.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i'the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.⁵

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office,⁶ and to wind
Yourself unto a power tyrannical ;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?

Men. Nay, temperately : Your promise.

Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thine hands clutch'd⁷ as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Cit. To the rock with him ; to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

[5] *Envy*—is here taken at large for malignity or ill intention. JOHNSON.

[6] All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. grasped. STEEVENS.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,——

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence⁸
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o'the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I'the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
He's banish'd, and so it shall be.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate,⁹ her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:

[8] *Not*—stands again for *not only*. JOHNSON.——So in *Thessa.* iv. 8. "He therefore, that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God." STEEVENS.

[9] I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife. JOHNSON.

It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders: till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,²
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abased captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City. Enter*
CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
and several young Patricians.

Coriolanus.

COME, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—The beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd

[1] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. MALONE.

[2] 'Still retain the power of banishing your defeenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.'—It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. "The people (says he) cannot see, but they can feel." It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
 That common chances common men could bear;
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Show'd mastership in floating: Fortune's blows,
 When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
 A noble cunning.³ You were us'd to load me
 With precepts, that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
 And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
 Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
 I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
 Thy tears are salter than a young man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond⁴ to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace: and
 Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.⁵

Vol. My first son,⁶

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while: Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

[3] The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the powers of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.—“They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.” JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. 'tis foolish. [5] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

[6] First—i. e. noblest, most eminent of men. Warburton.

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :—
Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruise'd : bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,⁷ when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand :—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. A street near the Gate. Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
and an Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home ; He's gone, and we'll no further,
—The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

[7] i. e. Of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor taken from the trying gold on the touchstone. *WARBURTON.*

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met.

The hoarded plague o'the gods requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone ?

[*To BRUTUS.*

Vir. You shall stay too : [*To SICIN.*] I would, I had
the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?⁸

Vol. Ay, fool ; is that a shame ?—Note but this fool.
—Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship⁹
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words ?

Sic. O blessed heavens !

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words ;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what ;—Yet go :—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too : I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then ?

Vir. What then ?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began ; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had ? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble :
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone :

[8] The word mankind is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A mankind woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be mankind. She takes *mankind* for a human creature, and accordingly cries out,

—Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? JOHNSON.

[9] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this :
 As far as doth the Capitol exceed
 The meanest house in Rome ; so far my son,
 (This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
 Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
 With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do, [*Ex. Tribunes.*
 But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet them
 But once a day, it would unclog my heart
 Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
 And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me ?

Vol. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself,
 And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go :
 Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
 In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fye, fye, fye ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*A Highway between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman
 and a Volce, meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me : your
 name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman ; and my services are, as you
 are, against them : Know you me yet ?

Vol. Nicanor ? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you ; but
 your favour is well appeared by your tongue.¹ What's
 the news in Rome ? I have a note from the Volcian
 state, to find you out there : You have well saved me a
 day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections:
 the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our state thinks
 not so : they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope
 to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing
 would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so

[1] I would read,—Your favour is well approved by your tongue. That is, your
 tongue strengthens the evidence of your face. STEEVENS.

to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicakor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: The centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,² and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of your's.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's House. *Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium:—City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

[2] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir ; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns !³ Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me :—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS's house. Music within. Enter a Servant.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]
Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus ! my master calls for him.
Cotus ! [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ? Whence are
you ? Here's no place for you. Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.⁴

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter his eyes
in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions ?
Pray, get you out.

[3] This fine picture of common friendship is an artful introduction to the sudden league which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius : and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. WARBURTON.

[4] i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli. STEEVENS.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away! Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!

And batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away.]

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall.

[Exit.]

3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I'the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I'the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[Beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS, and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,

[Unmuffling.]

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name ? *[Servants retire.]*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name ?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't ; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel : What's thy name ?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown : Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not :—Thy name ?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief ; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus : The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname ; a good memory,⁵
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me : only that name remains ;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth ; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have 'voided thee : but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee,⁶ that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims⁷
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present

[5] Memory, for memorial.

[6] A heart of resentment.

JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. disgraceful diminutions of territory.

JOHNSON.

My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool ;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Júpiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword ;⁸ and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married ; never man
Sighed truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't : Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
'Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods !

[8] Aufidius styles Coriolanus the *anvil of his sword*, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him, as a smith strikes on his *anvil*. STEEVENS.

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission ; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways :
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ! most wel-
come ! *[Exeunt Cor. and Auf.]*

1 *Serv.* *[advancing.]* Here's a strange alteration !

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes
made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turned me about with
his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
thing in him : He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I
cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking as it were,—'Would I
were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than
I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the rarest
man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is : but a greater soldier than he, you

2 *Serv.* Who ? my master ? *[wot one.]*

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither : but I take him to be the
greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say
that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had
as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our
general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: He was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand,⁹ and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears:¹ He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.²

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as

[9] Alluding, improperly, to the act of crossing upon any strange event. JOHNS.

[1] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. JOHNSON.

[2] That is, bared, cleared. JOHNSON.-----To poll, anciently signified to cut off the head. STEEVENS.

far as day does night ; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.³ Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so : and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher ; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. A public Place. Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ; His remedies are tame i'the present peace⁴ And quietness o'the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well ; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissensious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius ?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he : O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir !

Men. Hail to you both !

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd, But with his friends ; the common-wealth doth stand ; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well ; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you ?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing ; his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both !

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

[3] Full of rumour, full of materials for discourse. JOHNSON.

[4] That is, Ineffectual in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them ; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon. STEEVENS.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive !

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours : We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you !

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war ; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories ;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius ?

Bru. Go, see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be !

We have record, that very well it can ;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this :
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me :

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come,
'That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !
Nothing but his report !

Mes. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
'The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely :

He and Aufidius can no more atone,^s
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !

Men. What news ? What news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

[5] To atone, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is so used by our author. To atone here is, in the neutral sense, to come to reconciliation. To atone is to unite.
JOHNSON.

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news ?——

You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your news ?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,——

Com. If !

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better : and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men ; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation,⁶ and
The breath of garlic-eaters !⁷

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit :⁸ You have made fair work !

Bru. But is this true, sir ?

Com. Ay ; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him ?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true :

[6] *Occupation* is here used for mechanicks, men occupied in daily business. MAL.

[7] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara. JOHNSON.—To smell of leeks was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii.

.....quis tecum sectile porum

Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit ? STEEVENS.

[8] An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. STEEVENS.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again.⁹ Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very
many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exe. COM. and MENEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;

[9] As they hooted at his departure, they will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we ban-
ished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. [*Ex. Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

*A Camp, at a small distance from Rome. Enter AUFIDIUS
and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's not changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
 And the nobility of Rome are his :—
 The senators, and patricians, love him too :
 The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
 As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature.¹ First he was
 A noble servant to them ; but he could not
 Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,²
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war ; but, one of these,
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd : But he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utterance.³ So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time :
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done.⁴
 One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Rights by rights fouler,⁵ strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] We find in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song xxv. a full account of the osprey, which shows the justness and beauty of the simile.

"The osprey, oft here seen, tho' seldom here he breeds,
 Which over them the fish no sooner doth espy,
 But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
 Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
 They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw." LANGTON.

[2] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus ; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success ; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories ; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the casque or helmet to the cushion or chair of civil authority ; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.

JOHNSON.

[3] He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNS.

[4] i. e. The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations. JOHNSON.

[5] *Rights by rights fouler* may well mean, "That one right or title, when produced, makes another less fair." All the short sentences in this speech are obscure, and some nonsensical. M. MASON.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place. Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.*

Menenius

No, I'll not go : you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general : who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :
But what o'that ? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd⁶
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire ;
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap :⁷ A noble memory !⁸

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected : He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two ? I am one of those ; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

[6] Condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness. STEEVENS.

[7] You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expense of coals.

[8] Memorial. STEEVENS.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard ; what then ?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? Say't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well ; he had not din'd :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : Therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. You shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold,⁹ his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
'Twas very faintly he said, *rise* ; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would do,

[9] He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour. JOHNSON.

He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
 'Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions :
 So, that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife ;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*An advanced post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The
 Guard at their stations. Enter MENENIUS.*

1 G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well : But, by your leave,
 I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return : our general
 Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
 You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
 If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
 And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks.²
 My name hath touch'd your ears ; it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
 Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
 Thy general is my lover : I have been
 The book of his good acts, whence men have read
 His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;
 For I have ever verified my friends
 (Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
 Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,³
 I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
 Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing : Therefore, fellow,
 I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
 behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you

[1] Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this : ' To yield
 to his conditions is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, so that all hope is vain.
 JOHNSON. [2] A lot is here a prize. JOHNSON.

[3] Subtle, means smooth, level ground. STEEVENS.-----May it not have its
 more ordinary acceptation, deceitful ? MALONE.

should not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotard as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No, you are deceived ; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution : You are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood ;—back, that's the utmost of your having :—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter ?

Men. Now you companion, I'll say an errand for you ; you shall know now, that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive that a Jack guardent⁴ cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering ; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does ! O, my son ! my son ! thou

[4] This term is equivalent to one still in use—a *jack in office*. STEEVENS.

art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee ; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away !

Men. How ! away ?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others : Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volcian breasts.⁵ That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, begone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee, Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.* And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—'This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome : yet thou behold'st—
Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt COR. and AUF.*]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius ?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power : You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent⁶ for keeping your greatness back ?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon ?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general : For such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long ; and your misery increase with your age ! I say to you, as I was said to, Away !

[*Exit.*]

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general : He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

[5] Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. JOHNSON.

[6] Shent—is brought to destruction. JOHNSON.—Shent does not mean brought to destruction, but *shamed, disgraced*, made ashamed of himself. PERCY

SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS. Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.⁴

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected ; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome ; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father ;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him : for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more ; a very little
I have yielded too : Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[Shout within.

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made ? I will not.—

Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost ; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection !
All bond and privilege of nature, break !
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth ? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn ?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows ;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod : and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never

[4] i. e. how openly, how remotely from artifice or concealment. — JOHNSON.

Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.⁸

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now by the jealous queen of heaven,⁹ that kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i'th' earth ; [Kneels
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd !
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee ; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this ?
Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
'Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

[8] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, 'These eyes are not the same,' meaning, that he saw things with other eyes, or other dispositions. She lays hold on the word eyes, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON.

[9] That is, by Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove,¹ inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,²
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness ;—therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;³
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us

[1] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary god of Rome.
WARBURTON. [2] That is, every gust, every storm. JOHNSON.

[3] That is, constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake. JOHNSON.

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
 Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,
 Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles thorough our streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
 And bear the palm for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
 These wars determine : If I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces
 May say, *This mercy we have show'd* ; the Romans,
This we received ; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace ! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*

*But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;
 Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains
 To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son :
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the gods ;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy :
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i'the stocks.⁶ Thou hast never in thy life
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; An end :
 This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength⁷
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother !

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.*

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene

[6] Keeps me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

[7] Does argue for us and our petition. JOHNSON.

They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
 And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
 At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.⁸ [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to* CORIOLANUS.]

Cor. Ay, by and by;
 But we will drink together; and you shall bear
[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you:⁹ all the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. A public Place. Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.¹

[8] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

[9] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

[1] Stay but *for* it. STEEVENS.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon : he has wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me : and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse.² The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander.³ What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger ; that shall our poor city find : and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us !

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them : and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, If you'd save your life, fly to your house : The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news ?

Mes. Good news, good news ;—The ladies have pre-The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone : [vail'd,
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true ? Is it most certain ?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire :

[2] Subintelligitur, remembers his dam. WARBURTON.

[3] In a foregoing note he was said to sit in gold. The phrase, as a thing made for Alexander, means as one made to resemble Alexander. JOHNSON.

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ?
 Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
 As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you ;
[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.

The trumpets, sacbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
 Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
 Make the sun dance. Hark you ! *[Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full : 'You have pray'd well to-day ;
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !
[Shouting and music.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings : next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mes. Sir, we have all
 Great cause to give great thanks. -

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
 and help the joy. *[Going.*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and
 People. They pass over the stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
 Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
 And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :
 Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;
 Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !——

All. Welcome, ladies !
 Welcome ! *[A flourish with drums and trumpets.
 [Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*Antium. A public Place. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with
 Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
 Deliver them this paper : having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,⁴
The city-ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : Despatch. [*Exe. Atten.*
Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' Faction.
Most welcome !

1 *Con.* How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell ;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth : Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of :
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
In mine own person ; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his ;⁵ and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and

[4] That is, The one I accuse. So in *The Winter's Tale*.

"I am appointed him to murder you." MALONE.

[5] Instead of *end*, Mr. Rowe reads *make*. STEEVENS.

He wag'd me with his countenance,⁶ as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,——

Auf. There was it ;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action ; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark ! [*Drums and
trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,
Where he was to begin ; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge ; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding ; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

[6] The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages ; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

Enter CORIOLANUS with drums and colours; a Crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.⁷

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—

[7] By these words, Aufidius does not mean to put a stop to the altercation; but to tell Coriolanus that he was *no more* than a 'boy of tears.' M. MASON.

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him ; that must bear
My beating to his grave ;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord*. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove cote, I
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces,
do it presently. He killed my son ;—my daughter ;—
He killed my cousin Marcus ;—He killed my father.—

2 *Lord*. Peace, ho ;—no outrage ;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth :⁶ His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain !

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS,*
who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord*. O Tullus,—

2 *Lor*. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

1 *Lord*. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet ;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger

[8] His fame overspreads the world. JOHNSON.

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord*. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord*. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—
Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully ;
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—⁹

Assist. *[Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.
A dead march sounded.]*

[9] Memorial. STEEVENS.









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